

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

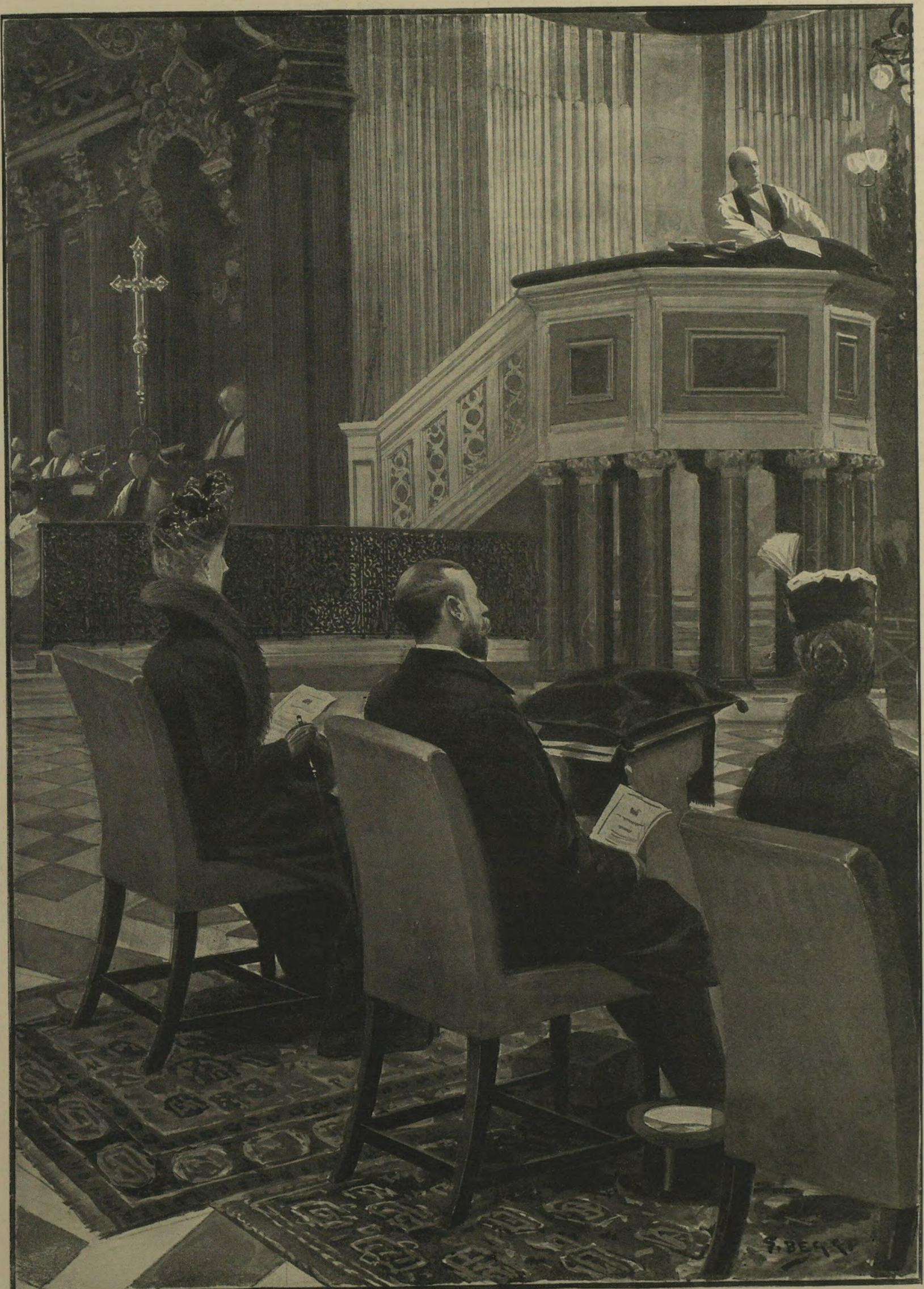
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3386 — VOL. CXXIV.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904

SIXPENCE.

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The Queen.

Prince of Wales.

Princess of Wales.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY CENTENARY: THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, MARCH 6.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The King was prevented from attendance by indisposition. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Canterbury from the text, "Let there be light."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

'Now comes my fit again,' should be the motto of our blessed Constitution. This time it is the Report of the Esher Committee which has startled the venerable creature. To the delight of every citizen who is not a pedant, the Committee framed a drastic scheme for the reform of the War Office. Instead of taking a year to think about it, they had the whole thing ready with business-like despatch. This afflicts the poor old Constitution terribly. Up gets one of her mouthpieces in the House of Commons, and denounces this "hurry" as indecent. The procedure of the Committee, says he, is "unprecedented, and a gross infringement of constitutional practice." So it is, thank heaven! The Committee have acted, shrieks the mouthpiece of our grandmother, like "a Committee of Public Safety!" So they have. After the disclosures of the War Commission it was high time. But the distressed champion of the Constitution evidently thinks that, if any inquiry were necessary, it should have been conducted by three Barnacles of Pall Mall. They would have spared the feelings and the interests of the whole Barnacle family, to which Lord Esher, Sir George Clarke, and Admiral Fisher have shown so little respect. Your true Barnacle believes that he and the Constitution are one, and that a surgical operation would kill both. I think not.

Somewhere in the town there is a very interesting young man who is advertising for a wealthy patron. His incomparable talents, it appears, have planted him in "the best profession"; but he is a plant that needs to be kept in a conservatory. He is too delicate for the rough and common air. He requires "more than one pair of hands to work for his brain"; so the wealthy patron is invited to come down with the salaries of two shorthand-writers, say a couple of hundred a year. Only for two years, mind. In that time the genius will have dictated to his clerks enough literature to enchant the world, and create a very comfortable banking account. I surmise that "the best profession" is the writing of fiction. Or is it drama by any chance? Does the young man propose to flood Mudie's with masterpieces, or to rescue dramatic art from the starvation we all deplore? Perhaps he will dictate a novel to one clerk and a play to the other at the same time; or start a fiction factory, as old Dumas was said to have done, putting gems of wit and invention into the otherwise mediocre productions of obscure strangers.

Old Dumas, although dead, yet speaketh. Who but his restless shade could have prompted that duel in Paris, wherein one of the combatants bore the imposing name of Baron Athos di San Malato? His antagonist should have been styled (at the very least) the Chevalier Porthos di San Tomato. Tomato is a name you expect to see over the doorway of an Italian restaurant in Soho: Tomato, licensed to sell beer, spirits, and tobacco; Tomato, who purveys a surprising luncheon for eighteenpence. François Villon ought to come to life, simply to write an immortal Ballade of the Luncheons in Soho, pointing out that the cookery at the Café Tomato was made by bounteous fortune for the most exacting palate and the most slender purse. I am no wealthy patron; but I have an idea for that young man in the best profession, an idea with which he might engage his shorthand clerks at once. Baron Athos di San Malato honoured the Café Tomato one day with his company at breakfast. Some strange whim made him discontented with the fish; he said it had been so long absent from its native brine as to deserve a place among amphibious creatures.

The proprietor of the restaurant justly took offence. "You lie in your teeth!" he cried to Baron Athos, who was toying contemptuously with a toothpick. Blood rushed to the Baron's face; but with a great effort of self-control he said, "Bah! I do not fight with the vendors of fish!" The other tore open his shirt, and disclosed upon his manly chest a mystic emblem. "Porthos!" exclaimed the Baron. "Yes, Porthos di San Tomato, whom you have insulted!" replied the transfigured caterer. "I see red—red mullet!" "Mullet!" said the Baron; "my good Porthos, it's stale herring and cochineal!" They were separated with difficulty; and so the duel was arranged. Now, if one shorthand clerk be set to expand this into a novel, and the other to dramatise it, in considerably less than two years that young man will be rolling in cheques, and wearing them as shirt-cuffs. But he will not lapse into gilded indolence. He will engage more clerks, and touch up other people's romances, as Dumas did, and other people's plays, as Shakspere did, and keep the market humming.

Some figures supplied by the *Book Monthly* explain why the young man should devote one lobe of his brain to fiction. Many novels are read by lawyers. I can also testify to that. I have seen them at it—distinguished

K.C.s absorbed in tales which would bore me to death. An expression of sweet simplicity lightens their grim and rather cynical features, until they look like kittens lapping cream. The statistician in the *Book Monthly* knows an eminent scientific man who reads six novels a week. This is a tradition of science. Faraday was an omnivorous novel-reader. Herbert Spencer liked to have novels read to him, all except the descriptive and analytical passages. Darwin was an exception; he could not endure romance, and found poetry, especially Shakspere, dull. But here is proof sufficient that fiction is the diversion of law and science. Without it the K.C. would take to bridge and lose his "refreshers"; the physiologist and the chemist would be constantly fined for driving motor-cars at illegal speed. Then consider the needs of women. One lady, known to the *Book Monthly*, consumes eleven hundred novels a year, an average of three a day. Don't jump to the conclusion that she wastes her time. I had an aunt (rest her soul!) who read novels almost as voraciously; and yet she managed a business with success.

Do you wonder that the young man born to supply such intellectual and emotional needs should be eager to distinguish himself in the best profession without loss of time? Let him cast his eye over the map of the United States; it must yield a still greater field for his efforts. Such a multitude of cities, and in every city a growing number of theatres, and in every theatre crowds of young men with their best girls, hoping that Mr. Charles Frohman will present a play which touches the innermost pride of sweethearts! Mr. Frohman says the drama he is always seeking is the drama which makes the young men hope that their best girls will think them just as "dashing and big-hearted" as the hero, while the best girls fondly hope that in the young men's eyes they will seem as beautiful and self-sacrificing as the heroine. "The dramatist who appeals to those unsophisticated natures," says Mr. Frohman, "is the man for my money." I have a horrid suspicion that the American youth and maiden are not so childlike after all; that she thinks him too keen about the dollars to be dashing, and that he thinks her too fond of candy to be self-sacrificing. But this may be insular prejudice. Mr. Frohman knows best. I guess he would jump at a play which could persuade the American hotel-clerk's best girl that he was the Baron Athos and the Chevalier Porthos rolled into one.

The fearsome thought strikes me suddenly that I may have mistaken the significance of that advertisement for the wealthy patron. Fiction and drama may not be that young man's dream; it may be a Parliamentary career. He may want the shorthand clerks to take down his speeches. Fired by the example of Mr. Winston Churchill, he may be yearning to enter the House and hurl scathing sarcasms at the Treasury Bench. He may have heard that Mr. Galloway spoke for an hour and a half on the Musical Copyright Bill, and that Sir Carne Rasch called a meeting of members to discuss the propriety of shortening speeches. The wealthy patron must manifest himself soon, or by the time that young man charms a constituency the House may be in no humour to listen to Demosthenes himself for more than twenty minutes. There may arise a dogmatic belief that all that need be said, even upon so abstruse a subject as musical copyright, can be made plain in a quarter of an hour. Sir George Trevelyan, recounting his early experiences in Parliament to the White Friars, said that when he was making his maiden speech, he had a fear that the Speaker, after betraying various symptoms of impatience, would rise and say, "I am about to take a very unusual course; but we have had enough of this, and I must ask the honourable member to resume his seat." That dread does not seem to disturb honourable members now; but if Sir Carne Rasch (a very determined man) should persist in his crusade against longwindedness, there is no knowing what the sympathetic Speaker may do to crown it with success.

For instance, suppose he should greet Mr. Galloway in this fashion: "The honourable member's voice is very familiar in this House. His native wood-notes wild are melody itself, melody of which we have heard quite enough to convince us that musical copyright should be sacred. I must therefore decline to listen any more to the honourable member." Or the Speaker, fixing a severe eye on a member of the Government, may remark, "The right honourable gentleman seems to be about to introduce a Bill. By long experience we know that a Bill cannot be introduced in less than two hours. I am of opinion that no Bill is of sufficient importance to warrant such fatigue to the Chair. The right honourable gentleman will therefore be so good as to have his speech printed and circulated among the members, together with the Votes and Proceedings." Decidedly that young man in search of a wealthy patron had better hurry, and become a Minister of the Crown, before these drastic reforms are carried out.

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Water Colours, Miniatures, Black and White Drawings, Engravings, Etchings,
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Oil Paintings, Saturday, March 26, and Monday, March 28.

Sculpture, Tuesday, March 29.

Not more than THREE Works may be sent by any one Artist.

Works will only be received at the Burlington Gardens entrance. Hours for the
reception of Works, 7 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Forms and Labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March, on
receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

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To-day (SATURDAY), at 3.

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Tickets 1s. to 7s. 6d., at the Hall, and R. Newman, Manager, 320, Regent Street.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE QUEEN AT
ST. PAUL'S.

The King's indisposition proved a great disappointment to the British and Foreign Bible Society, as it marks their Centenary Celebration of something of its expected *éclat*. His Majesty was, however, represented at St. Paul's Cathedral on March 6 by the Queen, who was accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. The service, which was attended by a vast congregation, was accompanied by the ordinary civic pageantry which marks royal visits to the Metropolitan Cathedral. The Bishop of London received her Majesty at the great West Door and conducted her to her place under the dome. A long procession of clergy led the way, and, before her Majesty, the Lord Mayor bore the pearl sword. Dean Gregory read the lesson, and the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the centenary sermon from the text, "And God said, Let there be light." His Grace dwelt upon the value of the higher criticism of the Bible, and remarked that true science and true religion were twin sisters, and that nothing but disaster could arise from the petulant scorn of the one or the timidities and tyranny of the other.

A supplement to the *Gazette*, A ROYAL BETROTHAL, issued on March 7, announces another royal betrothal. The customary form is adopted. "At a Court held yesterday at Buckingham Palace the King was pleased to declare his consent to a contract of matrimony between her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra Louise Maria Olga Elisabeth Thérèse Wera, born Princess of Great Britain and Ireland, Duchess of Brunswick and Lüneburg, daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland,



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE HON. CHARLES HARDINGE,
NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT
ST. PETERSBURG.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. E. H. VINCENT CORBETT,
NEW FINANCIAL ADVISER TO
THE KHEDIVE.



Photo. Russell.
MR. WILLIAM PARROTT,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR NORMANTON.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR R. H.
MORE-MOLYNEUX,
DISTINGUISHED NAVAL OFFICER.



A MISSING REYNOLDS: PORTRAIT OF ANNE,
MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSHEND.

Twenty years ago this picture and another were at the Townshend seat, Balls Park. They have now mysteriously disappeared.

and his Royal Highness Prince Friedrich Franz IV., Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which consent his Majesty has caused to be signified under the Great Seal and to be entered in the Books of the Privy Council."

Mr. E. H. Vincent Corbett succeeds Sir Eldon Gorst in a post once held by Lord Milner, who accepted it after having acted as private secretary to Lord Goschen and while fulfilling the duties attached to it, laid the foundation not only of his diplomatic career, but for his volume on "England and Egypt." Mr. Vincent Corbett has already seen a good deal of diplomatic work, and his distinguished service at Berlin, the Hague, Rome, Constantinople, Copenhagen, and Athens, to say nothing of his work as British Commissioner on the Caisse of the Egyptian Public Debt, should prove an excellent introduction to the many-sided tasks set to the Financial Adviser to the Khedive. It is hardly necessary to add that the new Adviser, who entered the Diplomatic Service some twenty years ago, is an accomplished linguist.

The selection of the Hon. Charles Hardinge, C.B., C.V.O., Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to succeed Sir Charles Scott as British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, which was announced some while ago, has now been approved by the King, and Mr. Hardinge will begin his duties in Russia at the end of April, when his predecessor in the post retires from the Diplomatic Service.

Germany has lost one of her most eminent sons by the death of Field-Marshal Count Alfred von Waldersee, who died at Hanover on March 5, after a lingering illness. Sprung from a distinguished family of the old Prussian nobility, Count von Waldersee was born at Potsdam in 1832. He was educated for the army, and first entered the Guards Corps, from which his abilities immediately promoted him to Staff. In the Franco-War he was one of the Aides-de-camp, and was the most engaged, including and Sedan, witnessed Paris. At Bismarck he was charged at Paris, realised the importance of his life. He succeeded Moltke, but having independent views, he retained the position only three years. Count von Waldersee's personality was most vividly impressed on the English mind by his appointment to the command of the Allied Forces during the recent disturbances in China.

Admiral Sir Robert H. More-Molyneux, who died at Cairo on Feb. 29, though comparatively little known to the man in the street, had served his country with considerable distinction for a good many years. Entering the Navy in 1852, he rose steadily to distinction. From May 1884 until the arrival of the force under General Sir G. Graham in 1885, he held Suakin against the enemy, an exploit that gained him special mention in dispatches and in

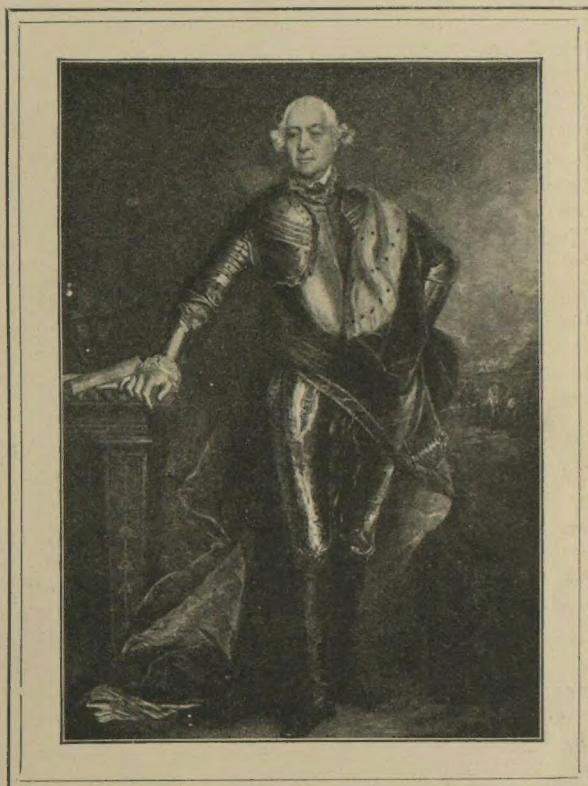


THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL
COUNT VON WALDERSEE,
DISTINGUISHED GERMAN SOLDIER.

the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. His G.C.B. was announced in the Birthday Honours List of 1902.

Mr. William Parrott, who takes the place of the late Mr. Benjamin Pickard as member of Parliament for the Normanton Division, is a Somersetshire man, and now makes his first entry into Parliamentary life. He was born in 1843, and since the age of ten has lived in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Working as a boy at a Methley colliery, he was elected a check-weighman in 1873, and three years later was chosen as colleague of the late Mr. Pickard when he was appointed senior secretary of the West Yorkshire Miners' Association. On the fusion of the West Yorkshire and South Yorkshire Associations some five years later he became agent, and Mr. Pickard's general secretary. This position he still holds.

THE SALE OF THE TOWNSHEND HEIRLOOMS. The sale of the Townshend heirlooms, intended to provide a sum to "extinguish the terminable charges," not only exceeded its object by some twenty-one thousand pounds, but was the occasion of exceptional interest to connoisseurs. High prices were fetched by a number of the lots. Conspicuous amongst these were "Robert Adair," by Gainsborough, which was sold to Mr. Colnaghi for 2000 guineas; "Georgiana Anne, Lady John Townshend," by Romney, which realised 3150 guineas, and fell to Mr. Asher Wertheimer; "George, First Marquis Townshend," by Reynolds, bought by Mr. Wertheimer for 2100 guineas; Reynolds' portrait of "George Lord Ferrers," knocked down to Mr. Colnaghi for 2000 guineas; and Hoppner's "Portrait of a Lady," purchased by Mr. Agnew for 1350 guineas.



A REYNOLDS FOR 2100 GUINEAS: PORTRAIT OF GEORGE,
FIRST MARQUIS OF TOWNSHEND, SOLD WITH THE TOWNSHEND
COLLECTION AT CHRISTIE'S, MARCH 5.

Hogarth's "James Quin, the Actor," bought by Mr. Agnew, after a keen competition, for 720 guineas, was offered by him to the nation at the price paid for it, and the project of purchase awaits ratification by the trustees of the National Gallery.

London has PROGRESSIVE LONDON. voted Progressive once more. The County Council elections resulted in a majority of fifty-one for the Progressives, as against fifty-three in the old Council. The polls were comparatively small, as usual; but the citizens who did not trouble to vote cannot be reckoned as hostile to the dominant party. It is noteworthy that the Progressives have not come in again with any pledges to reduce expenditure. Under their administration the municipal expenditure has increased considerably, possibly with advantage to the citizens.



FENCING-MASTERS IN THE FIELD OF HONOUR: THE DUEL BETWEEN THE CHEVALIER PINI
AND BARON ATHOS DI SAN MALATO AT NEUILLY, MARCH 6.

The two famous swordsmen, who had disagreed upon a point of etiquette, gave a wonderful exhibition of swordsmanship. After thirteen bouts Chevalier Pini was scratched between the eyes. At the eighteenth bout the duel was stopped, as San Malato's wrist was hurt by his sword-guard.

Parliament; and the K.C.B. His more peaceful offices include those of A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, Captain-Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, Admiral-Superintendent of Devonport Dockyard, and President of

the Rennes verdict, or order another court-martial. France is apparently weary of the whole business, and willing that it shall be settled at last according to the laws of evidence.

Another stage of revision has been reached in the Dreyfus

case. The Court of Cassation has ordered a supplementary inquiry by the Criminal Chamber. This is pretty certain to sustain the conclusions of M. Boyer's report, and then the full Court will have to decide whether it will annul

THE WAR: AN EXPERT COMMENTARY.

BY R. N.

The fourth week of the war, like the second and third, has passed with many vague rumours and sensational stories, but nothing to indicate serious gain or loss to either side. In these circumstances there remains little for the expert to do other than to endeavour to disentangle from the web of conflicting report those facts which appear to have a probable actuality or real basis. As a case in point, what is widely called the bombardment of Vladivostok may be cited. It is interesting as showing how differently the same thing presents itself to the land and sea observer. There can be little doubt that this affair of March 6 was merely a reconnaissance in force by the Japanese ships, which, as surmised last week, have their base at Possiet Bay. The object in view was first to discover if the Russian squadron was still in harbour, and secondly, how far the ice acted as a hindrance to ingress or egress at the port. The so-called bombardment would cover the movements of the destroyers, which would be pushed in as far as possible for observation. Some speculation as to the identity of the Japanese ships has been based on the size of the projectiles thrown on shore. Some of these were 12-in. shell, and are therefore supposed to indicate the presence of battle-ships of the *Mikasa* class. But the protected cruisers of the *Itsukushima* class carry 32-cent. guns of the French Canet type, which throw a very similar projectile to the 12-in. Elswick guns in the *Mikasa* and her sisters. If it be true that the Russian armoured cruisers are at sea, and the Japanese Admiral has become aware of the fact, Commodore Reisenstein may expect a warm reception on his return.

This movement in the north, like those in the Yellow Sea, is a further indication that the Japanese thoroughly realise the inherent menace of the fleet "in being." It is not enough for them to have a superiority afloat, but what is essential is unchallenged superiority at sea. It is thus most important for them to know the state of the ships at Port Arthur, the actual situation at Vladivostok, and the possibilities of naval reinforcements from Europe. In so far as the first point is concerned, the certainty that there are still a number of effective vessels behind the forts makes it almost imperative that Port Arthur should be an object of attack. It will not be sufficient to isolate the port; the ships must be destroyed or driven out of it. Similarly at Vladivostok further operations will become necessary as soon as the ice permits. Will the Russians wait until their ships are rendered useless by the fall of the forts which protect them?

The possibility of reinforcements arriving from Europe need not be discussed for the moment, and the return of the squadron under Admiral Virenius to the Mediterranean would appear to point to the abandonment of any such intention, at all events for the present. But it should not be impossible to save some of the ships in the Far East against the time when the reinforcements are sent out. It would be necessary to choose among the many islands of the Pacific one to which coal and other supplies could be dispatched. And to this rendezvous Commodore Reisenstein should be able to proceed without much difficulty in evading his foes. From Port Arthur, too, under cover of a sally by the torpedo flotilla, the *Bayan* and several of her faster consorts might also hope to get away bound for the same destination. It is just here that the question of the personnel comes in. Have the Russians the men to attempt such an exploit rather than see their vessels sunk in harbour?

It may be regarded as significant in this connection that inquiries have recently been made in Liverpool for steamers to carry coal and other supplies to the Far East without a port of delivery in the charter party. A very high freight was offered, provided no inconvenient questions were asked. If the Russians had in view some such scheme as is outlined above, here are signs of such a preliminary move as might be anticipated.

With regard to the situation on land, we are now told that the Russians are withdrawing to Liao-Yang, and that it is not intended to hold the Yalu position. This is just one of those statements which may have been purposely put about with the intent to deceive. The probability of its truth could be better estimated were the comparative strength of the forces facing each other in that neighbourhood more accurately known. The strength of the Russians in Manchuria has never been ascertained definitely, but it seems safe to infer that when war broke out, it was much inferior to the force that Japan could put into the field. But ever since that date Russia has been steadily dispatching troops toward the scene of action, and hence the relative power of supplying and sustaining each army by means of reinforcements gives the key to a most

important factor in the problem. In this connection not only are the short sea routes and the choice of points of disembarkation an advantage to the Japanese, but the limitations of the Siberian Railway for transport purposes operates in the same direction. However, the Russians, being placed on the defensive, may select the positions in which to give battle, and generally the strategical situation seems to lend colour to the report of their withdrawal to Liao-Yang.

Beyond a few skirmishes, the advance of the Japanese in Korea seems to be uneventful. Their transports have appeared on either side of the peninsula, at Chi-nam-po, at the mouth of the Ta-Tung, and at Gen-San, and it would seem to be their intention to fortify this line as a security for the future. Accounts differ as to the number of men they have hereabouts; but from the numerous points at which their presence is reported they must be in force. The headquarters of the Army Corps is probably at Ping-Yang, an important commercial town on the south bank of the Ta-Tung. It was in the neighbourhood of this town that the great battle took place by which the Chinese were driven out of Korea in 1894, and here at one time it was supposed that the Russians would make a stand. Practically the advance of the Japanese along the coast has turned the flanks of this position, just as a further advance along the coast to the Yalu will render the Russian position on that river also untenable.

PARLIAMENT

Mr. Arnold-Forster introduced the Army Estimates, which indicated a considerable reduction of expenditure. He urged the reorganisation of the Militia and Volunteers, and strongly approved the recommendations of the Esher Committee, which, he said, would be "applied practically *en bloc*." To the new Army Council he attached the highest importance. Sir

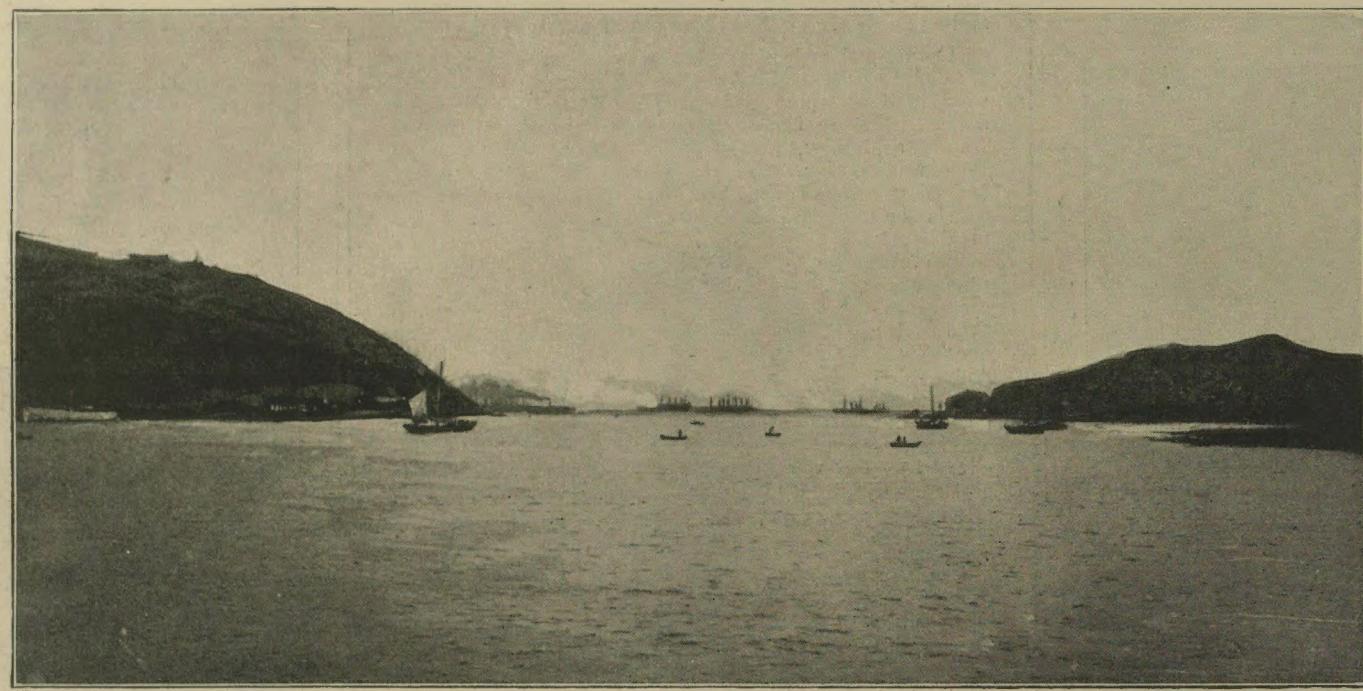
THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CINGALEE," AT DALY'S.

In his "musical comedy" catering, Mr. George Edwardes—luckiest because most astute and pains-taking of managers—passes from triumph to triumph; and "The Cingalee," which replaces "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre, promises to be the most successful of all his productions. Its general scheme may strike the more critical as adhering too closely to old and familiar lines. But the Cingalese setting of the play is at once novel and superlatively beautiful; the scene of the New Year's festival, with its palace illumination and wild revels, is alone worthy of a visit to Daly's; the costumes in their richness and harmoniousness would justify the most extravagant panegyrics; and there is just a sufficient thread of interest in Mr. Tanner's story on which to hang a delightful embroidery of gay music, bright songs, and lively dances. Mr. Huntley Wright plays an ineffable Baboo, and soon his wonderful manipulations of the King's English and his quaint perversions of ordinary proverbs will provoke screams of laughter: already his "Monkey Duet" with his sprightly partner, Miss Gracie Leigh, is assured of popularity. Mr. Hayden Coffin sings well in his customary sentimental rôle, while in the title rôle Miss Sybil Arundale, who is new to Daly's, exhibits all the personal charm which made "My Lady Molly" so attractive. Another favourite, Mr. Rutland Barrington, will make the imperturbable Eastern magnate highly amusing when he has got rid of his cold. That sweet singer from the Savoy, Miss Isabel Jay, has been well looked after by Mr. Lionel Monckton in his tuneful and vivacious score, and the dancing of Miss Topsy Sinden surely needs no recommendation.

"WHEN A MAN MARRIES," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"When a Man Marries," as title of a play, suggests interesting possibilities, for it is at least conceivable that wedded life, if it does not, in the words of an un-gallant proverb, start trials for the husband, may yet considerably modify his nature. But in the stage story which, with this heading, Mr. Murray Carson and Miss Nora Keith presented last week at Wyndham's Theatre for a trial matinée, these collaborators cannot be said to have handled an old theme with any particular freshness or philosophical piquancy. Their hero, a Highland chief, if you please, is a flabby, vacillating creature, who has not been able to make up his mind whether or not he loves the girl he marries, and positively ar-



THE DAY BEFORE THE FIRST JAPANESE ATTACK ON PORT ARTHUR: THE RUSSIAN FLEET IN THE ROADS OUTSIDE THE NARROWS.

Henry Campbell-Bannerman denounced the Esher Committee and the haste with which their views were thrust upon Parliament and the country. Mr. J. F. Hope made the interesting proposal that in times of great Imperial urgency the King, on the advice of his Ministers, should be empowered to raise as much as £5,000,000 for military purposes without the consent of Parliament. The idea was that with such a fund the Government would never be at a loss for military preparations in a national emergency. The Chancellor of the Exchequer demurred on the ground that no preparations could be made in secret, and therefore nothing would be gained.

Mr. John Ellis raised the debate on Mr. Balfour's attitude towards his colleagues who resigned last autumn. The Prime Minister explained that Mr. Chamberlain had intimated at a Cabinet meeting his resolve to resign if the policy of preferential tariffs were not adopted. Mr. Ritchie admitted that he heard this. Mr. Balfour recalled the story of Palmerston, who, pointing out a drawer to a friend, said, "That is full of Gladstone's letters of resignation." Palmerston did not lay the letters before the Cabinet, and Mr. Balfour saw no reason why he should have produced Mr. Chamberlain's letter of resignation after Mr. Chamberlain's express warning to his colleagues. The statement that he had submitted two proposals to the Cabinet—one in favour of the policy of preference and the other against it—Mr. Balfour denied. He had submitted the pamphlet afterwards published, and a memorandum which simply indicated preference as an alternative which the Cabinet would naturally consider. This was the ordinary course of procedure in the Cabinet deliberations. Mr. Balfour paid a high tribute to the Duke of Devonshire; but about the other hostile seceders he made the playful observation that he did not know "what great men they were until they had resigned."

Lord George Hamilton said that he and Mr. Ritchie had resigned in the belief that Mr. Chamberlain would remain, and that there would be preferential taxation on food. Mr. Balfour had told the Duke of Devonshire that Mr. Chamberlain had resigned; but the Duke was forbidden to tell this to the other retiring Ministers. Mr. Ellis's motion for the adjournment was rejected by a majority of 65.

ranges to tell her if he finds he loves somebody else. A skittish young ward of his, who encourages his attentions in the interests of a mysterious sweetheart of her own, gives him the idea that he at last knows the tender passion, and away he goes to tell his wife, and has only just confessed when he decides that she, notwithstanding, has all the while had his heart. The histrionic feature of the afternoon was the promise shown by Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay, Antoinette Sterling's daughter, in the part of the little ward.

"A MAN OF HONOUR," RE-VIEWED AT THE AVENUE. If our London playgoers take any interest in the drama as a serious art they ought not to miss seeing at the Avenue Theatre what is perhaps the one play which, since the production of Mr. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton," has reflected credit on the English stage as a provider of something more than mere sensuous entertainment. It is hardly necessary now to detail afresh the story of Mr. Somerset Maugham's "Man of Honour." Let us grant the sentimentalist that for his taste this grim study of the mésalliance of a barrister and a barmaid, this relentless picture of marital incompatibility, will be unpleasant and sombre. But to others—those who see nothing common in what is touched by art—the play will appeal by its simple unexaggerated realism, its logical consistency, its essential truthfulness alike in dialogue and in characterisation. Moreover, the interpretation at the Avenue is, in one instance, as remarkable as the play. Miss Muriel Wylford's impersonation of poor Jenny, the sad, vulgar little wife, has lifted her immediately into the front ranks of our younger actresses, and she is not spoilt yet by any mannerisms.

HOUDINI AT THE HIPPODROME.

While several of the "variety" theatres are relying on the momentary craze for wrestling, the London Hippodrome is offering a rather different exhibition of bodily strength, as provided by Mr. Harry Houdini, who is described in lurid style as the handcuffing and jail-breaker. Quite extraordinary, and indeed inexplicable, are Houdini's feats—among them his well-known box-trick: he can contrive to free himself from the most involved and hardest of fetters, and no one can discover how.

RUSSIA'S MOST EASTERLY NAVAL STATION: VLADIVOSTOK, BOMBARDED BY THE JAPANESE, MARCH 6.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. J. BROMLEY EAMES.

1. Best Residential Quarter behind Cliff here.

34. Barracks.

4. Floating Dock.

5. Dredger.

8. Harbour Office.

33. Government Coal-Store.

12. Anchorage for Russian Men-of-War.

32. Coal-Store.

31. Coal-Store.



[Continued below.]

3. Arsenal and Dockyard.

2. The Cathedral.

6. Best Shopping Part.

7. Largest General Store.

9. Naval Club.

10. Public Garden.

11. Admiralty Buildings.

PANORAMIC VIEW OF VLADIVOSTOK PORT AND TOWN: THE EASTERN END OF THE GOLDEN HORN HARBOUR.

30. Coal-
Store.

29. Artillery
Depôt.

27. Eastern Bosphorus Strait (the
One Entrance to Harbour).

22. Battery behind Hill here (called Cooper Point).

26. Mount Russkik,
Dundas Island.

25.

Torpedo-Boat Canal, Running into Novik Bay.

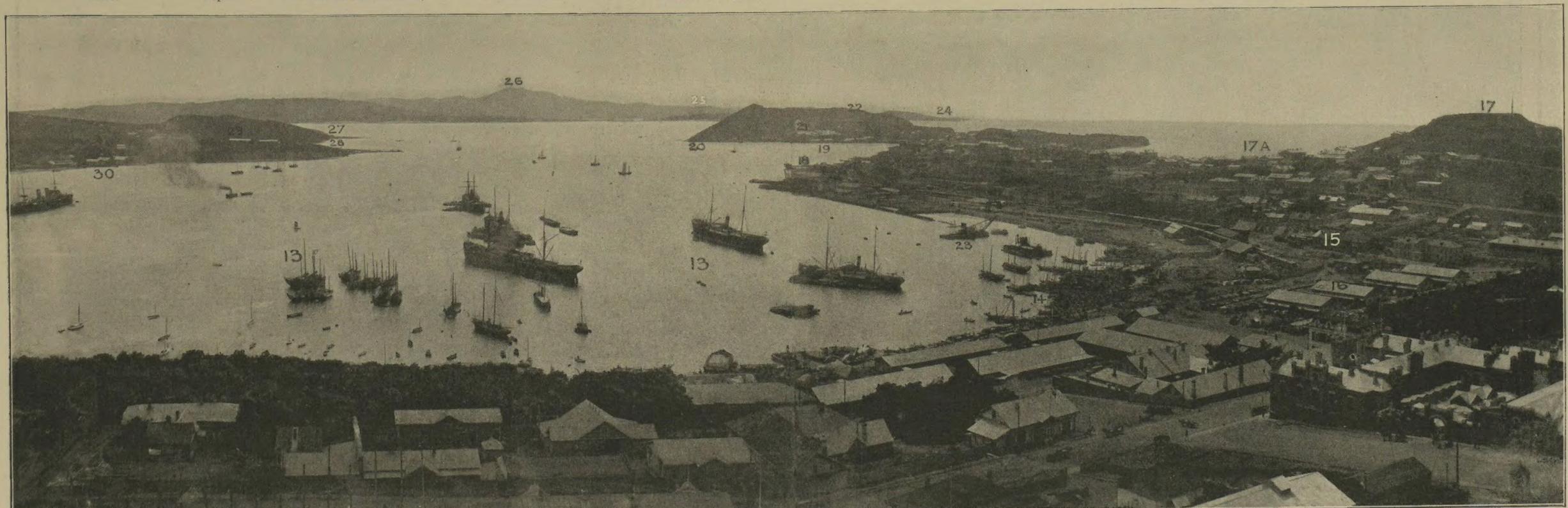
21.

Barracks for Government
Immigrants.

24. Larionoff Point, Dundas Island
(Other Entrance to Harbour).

17A. Officers'
Quarters.

17. Mount Semenoff, Signalling
Station, Fort, and Battery.



28. Diomedes Inlet.

13—13. Anchorage for Merchant-Vessels.
(Anchorage for Foreign War-Vessels between 28 and 19.)

19. Quarantine Station.
18. Wharf and Shell-Magazine.

23. Dredger.

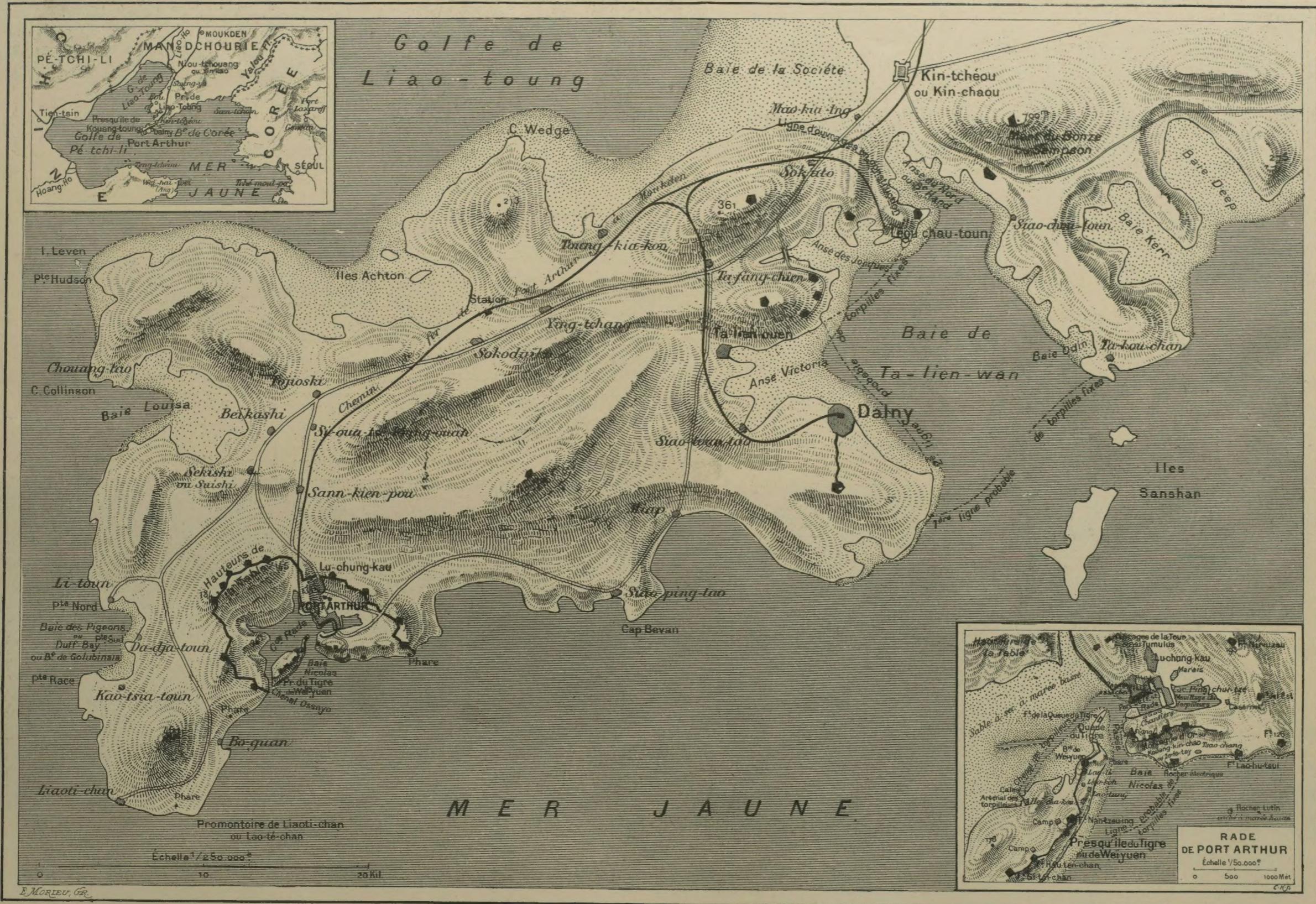
14. Chinese Sampans
(Small Boats).

15. Terminus of Trans-Siberian Railway.
16. Four Railway Go-Downs.

VLADIVOSTOK: THE WESTERN END OF THE GOLDEN HORN HARBOUR, WITH DUNDAS ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE.

THE SECRETS OF PORT ARTHUR'S DEFENCES: A STRATEGIC MAP.

DESIGNED FROM SECRET INFORMATION IN POSSESSION OF A FRENCH AUTHORITY.



SEA AND LAND DEFENCES OF PORT ARTHUR AND DALNY, WITH APPROXIMATE POSITIONS OF SUBMERGED MINES.

The scale is in kilomètres, of which 8 are equal to 5 miles. The elevations above sea-level are marked in mètres, of which 1 is equal to a little over 3 feet.

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

The Last Hope

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XXI.

NO. 8, RUELLE ST. JACOB.

Between the Rue de Lille and the Boulevard St. Germain, in the narrow streets which to this day have survived the sweeping influence of Baron Haussmann, once Prefect of the Seine, there are many houses which scarcely seem to have opened door or window since the great Revolution.

One of these, to be precise, is situated in the Ruelle St. Jacob, hardly wider than a lane—a short street with a blind end against high walls—into which any vehicle that enters must needs do so with the knowledge of having to back out again. For there is no room to turn; which is an allegory. All the windows, in fact, that look forlornly at the blank walls or peep over the high gateways into the Ruelle St. Jacob are Royalist windows looking into a street which is blinded by a high wall and is too narrow to allow of turning.

Many of the windows would appear to have gathered dust since those days more than a hundred years ago when white faces must have peeped from them, and trembling hands have unbarred the sash to listen to the roar of voices in the Rue du Bac, in the open space by the church of St. Germain des Prés, in the Cité, all over Paris, where the people were making history.

To this house in the Ruelle St. Jacob, Dormer Colville and Barebone made their way on foot on their arrival in Paris, at the termination of their long journey.

It was nearly dark, for Colville had arranged to approach the city and leave their horses at a stable at Meudon after dusk.

"It is foolish," he said gaily to his companion, "to flaunt a face like yours in Paris by daylight."

They had driven from Meudon in a hired carriage to the corner of the Champ de Mars, in those days still innocent of glass-houses and exhibition buildings, for Paris was not yet the toyshop of the world; and from the Champ de Mars they came on foot through the ill-paved, feebly lighted streets. In the Ruelle St. Jacob itself there was only one lamp, burning oil, swinging at the corner. The remainder of the lane depended for its illumination on the windows of two small shops retailing firewood and pickled gherkins and balls of string grey with age, as do all the shops in the narrow streets on the wrong side of the Seine.

Dormer Colville led the way, picking his steps from side to side of the gutter, which meandered odiferously down the middle of the street towards the river. He stopped in front of the great gateway and looked up at the arch of it, where the stone carving had been carefully obliterated by some enthusiastic citizen armed with a hatchet.

"Ichabod," he said, with a short laugh; and cautiously laid hold of the dangling bell-handle which had summoned the porter to open to a Queen in those gay days when Marie Antoinette light-heartedly pushed a falling monarchy down the incline.

The great gate was not opened in response, but a small side-door, deep-sunken in the thickness of the wall. On either jamb of the door was affixed, in the metal letters ordained by the municipality, the number "eight." No. 8, Ruelle St. Jacob, had once been known to Kings as the Hôtel Gemosac.

The man who opened carried a lantern and held the door ajar with a grudging hand while he peered out. One could almost imagine that he had survived the downfall and the Restoration and a couple of Republics behind the high walls.

The courtyard was paved with round cobblestones no bigger than an apple; and even by the flickering light of the lantern it was perceptible that no weed had been allowed to grow between the stones or in the seams of the wide, low steps that led to an open door.

The house appeared to be dark and deserted.

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis—Monsieur le Marquis is at home," muttered the man with a bronchial chuckle, and led the way across the yard. He wore a sort of livery which must have been put away

for years. A young man had been measured for the coat, which now displayed three deep creases across a bent back.

"Attention—attention!" he said in a warning voice, while he scraped a sulphur match in the hall. "There are holes in the carpets. It is easy to trip and fall."

He lighted the candle, and after having carefully shut and bolted the door, he led the way upstairs. At their approach, easily audible in the empty house by reason of the hollow cracking of the oak floor, a door was opened at the head of the stairs and a flood of light met the new-comers.

In the doorway, which was ten feet high, the little bent form of the Marquis de Gemosac stood waiting.

"Ah! ah!" he said with that pleasant manner of his generation, which was refined and spirituelle, and sometimes dramatic, and yet ever failed to touch aught but the surface of life. "Ah! ah! Safely accomplished—the great journey. Safely accomplished. You permit . . ." And he embraced Barebone after the custom of his day.

forward a chair to the fire, which was of logs as long as a barrel. The room was a huge one, and it was lighted from end to end with lamps, as if for a reception or a ball. The air was damp and mouldy. There were patches of grey on the walls which had once been painted with garlands of roses and Cupids and pastoral scenes by a noted artist of the Great Age.

The ceiling had fallen in places, and the woodwork of the carved furniture gave forth a subtle scent of dry rot.

But everything was in an exquisite taste, which more vulgar generations have never yet succeeded in imitating. Nothing was concealed, but rather displayed with a half-cynical pride. All was moth-ridden, worm-eaten, falling to decay—but it was of the Monarchy. Not half-a-dozen houses in Paris, where already the wealth which has to-day culminated in a ridiculous luxury of outward show was beginning to build new palaces, could show room after room furnished in the days of the Great Louis. The very air, faintly scented, it would seem, by some forgotten perfume, breathed of a bygone splendour. And the last of the de Gemosacs scorned to screen his poverty from the eyes of his equals, nor sought to hide from them a desolation which was only symbolic of that which crushed their hearts and bade them steal back from time to time like criminals to the capital.

"You see," he said to Colville and Barebone, "I have kept my promise; I have thrown open this old house once more for to-night's meeting. You will find that many friends have made the journey to Paris for the occasion—Madame de Chantonnay and Albert, Madame de Rathe, and many from the Vendée and the West, whom you have met on your journey. And to-night one may speak without fear, for none will be present who are not vouched for by the Almanach de Gotha. There are no Royalists *pour rire* or *pour vivre* to-night. You have but time to change your clothes and dine. Your luggage arrived yesterday. You will forgive the stupidity of old servants who have forgotten their business. Come, I will lead the way, and show you your rooms."

He took a candle and did the honours of the deserted dust-ridden house in the manner of the high calling which had been his twenty years ago when Charles X. was King. For some there lingers a certain pathos in the sight of a belated survival, while the majority of men and women are ready to smile at it instead. And yet the Monarchy lasted eight centuries and the Revolution eight years. Perhaps Fate may yet exact payment for the excesses of those eight years from a nation for which the watching world already prepares a secondary place in the councils of Empire.

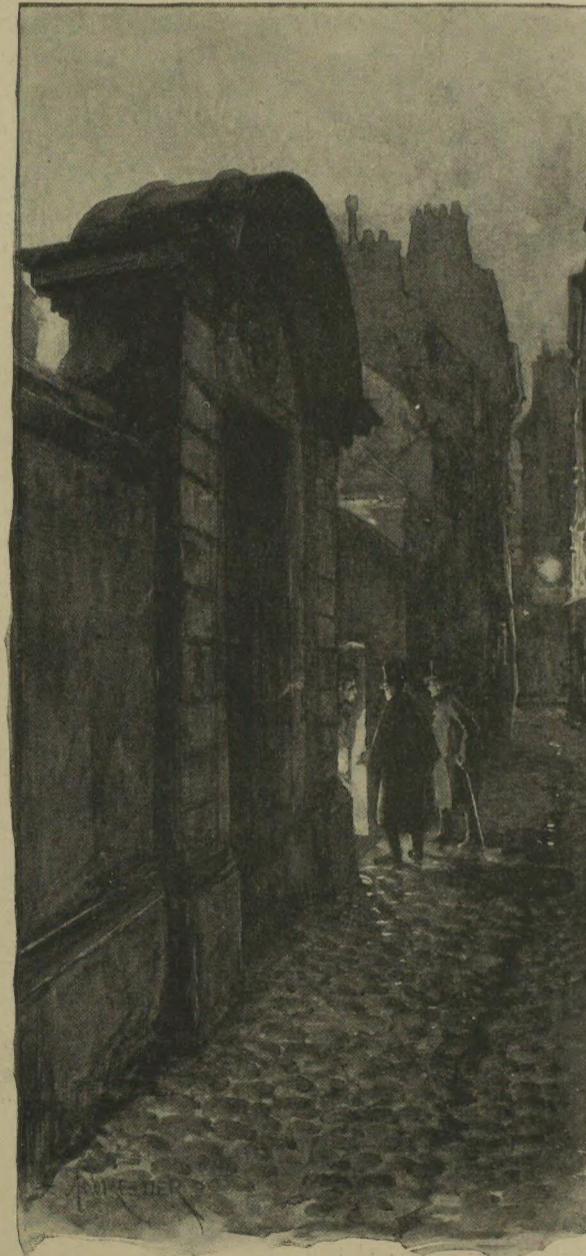
The larger room had been assigned to Loo. There was a subtle difference in the Marquis's manner towards him. He made an odd bow as he quitted the room.

"There," said Colville, whose room communicated with this great apartment by a dressing-room and two doors. He spoke in English, as they always did when they were alone together. "There—you are launched. You are *lancé*, my friend. I may say you are through the shoals now and out on the high seas."

He paused, candle in hand, and looked round the room with a reflective smile. It was obviously the best room in the house, with a fireplace as wide as a gate where logs of pine burnt briskly on high iron dogs. The bed loomed mysteriously in one corner with its baldachin of Gobelin tapestry. Here, as in the château of Gemosac, the dim scent of fallen monarchy lingered in the atmosphere. A portrait of Louis XVI., in a faded frame hung over the mantelpiece.

"And the time will come," pursued Colville with his melancholy, sympathetic smile, "when you will find it necessary to drop the pilot—to turn your face seaward and your back upon old recollections and old associations. You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, my friend."

"Oh, yes," replied Barebone, with a brisk movement of the head, "I shall have to forget Farlingford."



The man held the door ajar with a grudging hand while he peered out.

"From all sides," he said, when the door was closed, "I hear that you have done great things. From every quarter one hears your praise."

He held him at arm's length.

"Yes," he said. "Your face is graver; and—more striking in resemblance than ever. So now you know—now you have seen."

"Yes," answered Barebone gravely. "I have seen and I know."

The Marquis rubbed his white hands together and gave a little cackling laugh of delight as he drew

Colville had moved towards the door that led to his own room. He paused, examining the wick of the candle he carried in his hand; then, though glib of speech, he decided in favour of silence, and went away without making reply.

Loo sat down in a grey old arm-chair in front of the fire. The house was astoundingly noiseless, though situated in what had once been the heart of Paris. It was one of the few houses in this quarter left with a large garden. And the traffic passing in and out of the Ruelle St. Jacob went slipshod on its own feet. The busy crackle of the wood was the only sound to break a silence which seemed part of this vast palace of memories.

Loo had ridden far and was tired. He smiled grimly at the fire. It is to be supposed that he was sitting down to the task he had set himself—to forget Farlingford.

There was a great reception at the Hôtel Gemosac that night, and after twenty years of brooding silence the rooms, hastily set in order, were lighted up.

There was, as the Marquis had promised, no man or woman present who was not vouched for by a noble name or by history. As the old man presented them, their names were oddly familiar to the ear, while each face, looking at Loo, seemed to be the face of a ghost looking out of a past which the world will never forget so long as history lives.

And here again was the subtle difference. They no longer talked to Loo, but stood apart and spoke among themselves in a hushed voice. Men made their bow to him and met his smile with grave and measuring eyes. Some made a little set speech, which might mean much or nothing. Others embarked on such a speech and paused—faltered and passed on, gulping something down in their throats.

Women made a deep reverence to him and glanced at him with parted lips and white faces; no coquetry in their eyes. They saw that he was young and good-looking; but they forgot that he might think the same of them. Then they passed on and grouped themselves together, as women do in moments of danger or emotion, their souls instinctively seeking the company of other souls tuned to catch a hundred passing vibrations of the heart-strings, of which men remain in ignorance. They spoke together in lowered voices without daring, or desiring perhaps, to turn and look at him again.

"It only remains," someone said, "for the Duchesse d'Angoulême to recognise his claim. A messenger has departed for Frohsdorf."

And Barebone, looking at them, knew that there was a barrier between him and them which none could cast aside—a barrier erected in the past and based on the sure foundations of history.

"She is an old woman," said Monsieur de Gemosac to any who spoke to him on the subject. "She is seventy-two, and fifty-eight of those years have been marked by greater misfortunes than ever fell to the lot of a woman. When she came out of prison she had no tears left, my friends. We cannot expect her to turn back willingly to the past now. But we know that in her heart she has never been sure that her brother died in the Temple. You know how many disappointments she has had. We must not awake her sleeping sorrow until all is ready. I shall make the journey to Frohsdorf—that I promise you. But to-night we have another task before us."

"Yes—yes," answered his listeners. "You are to open the locket. Where is it?—show it to us."

And the locket which Captain Clubbe's wife had given to Dormer Colville was handed from one to another. It was not of great value, but it was of gold, with stones, long since discoloured, set in silver around it. It was crushed and mis-shapen.

"It has never been opened for twenty years," they told each other. "It has been mislaid in an obscure village in England for nearly half a century."

"The Vicomte de Castel Aunet, who is so clever a mechanician, has promised to bring his tools," said Monsieur de Gemosac. "He will open it for us—even if he find it necessary to break the locket."

So the thing went round the room until it came to Loo Barebone.

"I have seen it before," he said. "I think I remember seeing it long ago—when I was a little child."

And he handed it to the old Vicomte de Castel Aunet, whose shaking fingers closed round it in a breathless silence. He carried it to the table, and someone brought candles. The Vicomte was very old. He had learnt clock-making, they said, in prison during the Terror.

"*Il n'y a pas moyen,*" he whispered to himself. "I must break it."

With one effort he prised up the cover, but the hinge snapped, and the lid rolled across the table into Barebone's hand.

"Ah!" he cried, in that breathless silence, "now I remember it. I remember the red silk lining of the cover, and in the other side there is the portrait of a lady with—"

The Vicomte paused, with his palm covering the other half of the locket, and looked across at Loo,

"It is right that you should be the first to see it," he said, "since there is no longer any doubt that that lady was your father's mother."

Loo took the locket, looked at it with strangely glittering eyes and steady lips. He gave a sort of gasp, which all in the room heard. He was handing it back to the Vicomte de Castel Aunet without a word of comment when a crashing fall on the bare floor startled everyone. A lady had fainted.

"Thank God!" muttered Dormer Colville almost in Barebone's ear, and swayed against him. Barebone turned and looked into a face grey and haggard and shining with perspiration. Instinctively he grasped him by the arm and supported him. In the confusion of the moment no one noticed Colville, for all were pressing round the prostrate lady. And in a moment Colville was himself again, though the ready smile sat oddly on such white lips.

"For God's sake be careful!" he said, and turned away, handkerchief in hand.

For the moment the portrait was forgotten until the lady was on her feet again smiling reassurances and rubbing her elbow.

"It is nothing," she said; "nothing. My heart—that is all."

And she staggered to a chair with the reassuring smile frozen on her face.

Then the portrait was passed from hand to hand in silence. It was a miniature of Marie Antoinette, painted on ivory, which had turned yellow. The colours were almost lost, but the face stood clearly enough. It was the face of a young girl, long and narrow, with the hair drawn straight up and dressed high and simply on the head without ornament.

"It is she," said one and another. "C'est bien elle."

"It was painted when she was newly a Queen," commented the Vicomte de Castel Aunet. "I have seen others like it, but not that one before."

Barebone stood apart, and no one offered to approach him. Dormer Colville had gone towards

the great fireplace, and was standing by himself there with his back towards the room. He was surreptitiously wiping from his face the perspiration which had suddenly run down it, as one may see the rain running down the face of a statue.

Things had taken an unexpected turn. The Marquis de Gemosac, himself always on the surface, had stirred others more deeply than he had anticipated or could now understand. France has always been the victim of her own emotions; aroused, in the first instance, half in idleness, allowed to swell with a semi-restraining laugh, and then suddenly sweeping and overwhelming. History tells of a hundred such crises in the pilgrimage of the French people. A few more—and historians shall write "Ichabod" across the most favoured land in Europe.

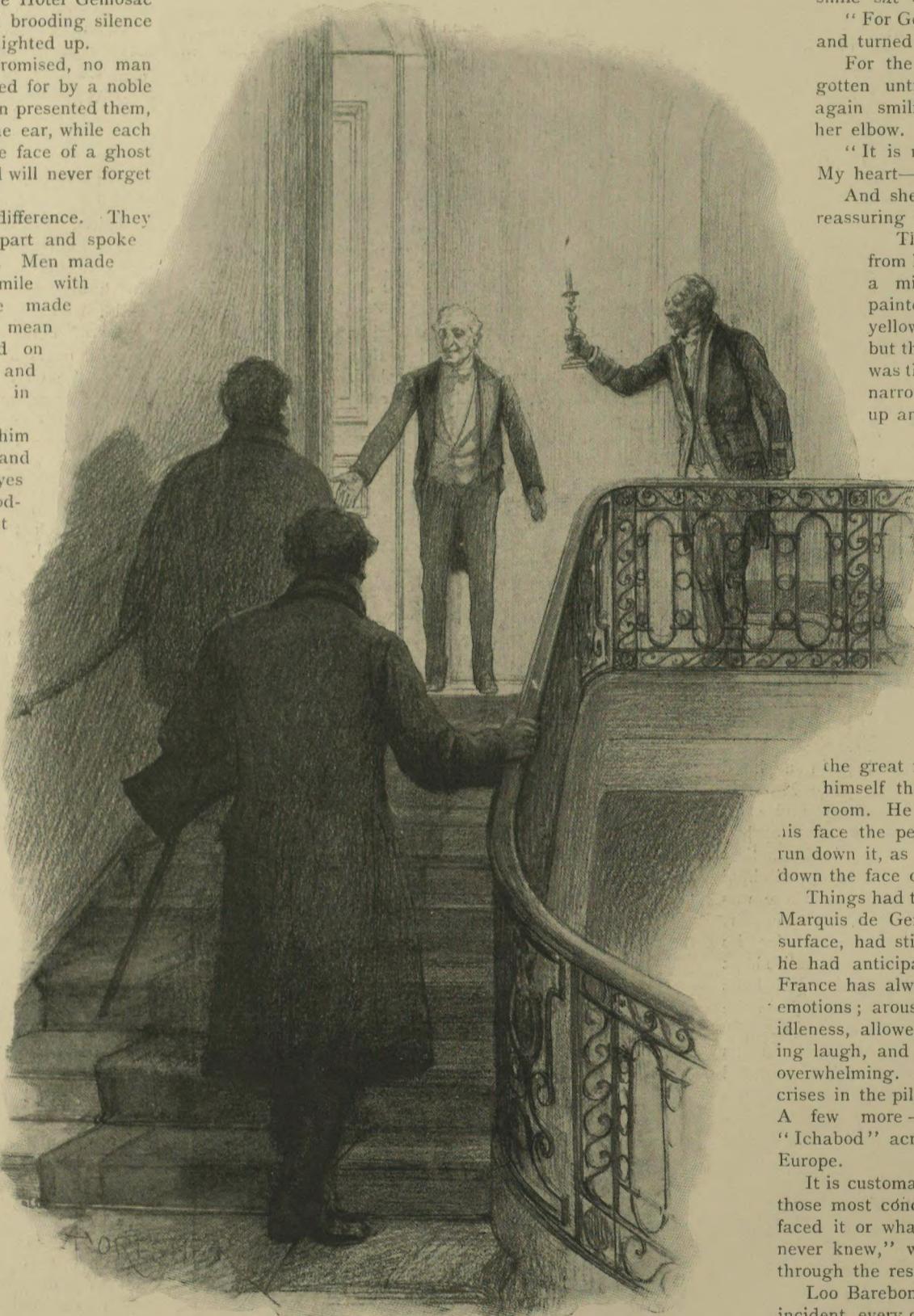
It is customary to relate that, after a crisis, those most concerned in it know not how they faced it or what events succeeded it. "He never knew," we are informed, "how he got through the rest of the evening."

Loo Barebone knew and remembered every incident, every glance. He was in full possession of every faculty, and never had each been so keenly alive to the necessity of the moment.

Never had his quick brain been so alert as it was during the rest of the evening. And those who had come to the Hôtel Gemosac to confirm their adoption of a figurehead went away with the startling knowledge in their hearts that they had never in the course of an artificial life met a man less suited to play that undignified part.

And all the while, in the back of his mind, there lingered with a deadly patience the desire for the moment which must inevitably come when he should at last find himself alone, face to face, with Dormer Colville.

It was nearly midnight before this moment came. At last the latest guest had taken his leave, quitting the house by the garden-door and making his way across that forlorn and weedy desert by the dim light reflected from the clouds above. At last the Marquis de Gemosac had bidden them good-night, and they were left alone in the vast bed-room, which a dozen candles, in candelabra of silver blackened by damp and neglect, only served to render more gloomy and mysterious.



In the doorway, which was ten feet high, the little bent form of the Marquis de Gemosac stood waiting.

And the eyes of all Royalist France were fixed on the same face.

"Silence," whispered Dormer Colville in English, crushing Barebone's foot under the table.

CHAPTER XXII.

DROPPING THE PILOT.

"The portrait of a lady," repeated Loo slowly, "young and beautiful. That much I remember."

The old nobleman had never removed his covering hand from the locket. He had never glanced at it himself. He looked slowly round the peering faces, two and three deep round the table. He was the oldest man present—one of the oldest in Paris—one of the few now living who had known Marie Antoinette.

Without uncovering the locket he handed it to Barebone across the table with a bow worthy of the old régime and his own historic name.

In the confusion consequent on the departure of so many guests, the locket had been lost sight of, and Monsieur de Gemosac forgot to make inquiry for it. It was in Barebone's pocket.

Dormer Colville put together with the toe of his boot the logs which were smouldering in a glow of incandescent heat. He turned and glanced over his shoulder towards his companion.

Barebone was taking the locket from his waistcoat pocket and approaching the table where the candles burnt low in their sockets.

"You never really supposed you were the man, did you?" asked Colville with a ready smile. He was brave at all events. For he took the only course left to him with a sublime assurance.

Barebone looked across the candles at the face which smiled, and smiled.

"That is what I thought," he answered with a queer laugh.

"Do not jump to any hasty decisions," urged Colville instantly, as if warned by the laugh.

"No. I want to sift the matter carefully to the bottom. It will be interesting to learn who are the deceived and who the deceivers."

Barebone had had time to think out a course of action. His face seemed to puzzle Colville, who was rarely at fault in such judgments of character as came within his understanding. But he seemed for an instant to be on the threshold of something beyond his understanding; and yet he had lived almost day and night, for some months, with Barebone. Since the beginning—that far-off beginning at Farlingford—their respective positions had been quite clearly defined. Colville, the elder by twenty years, had always been the guide and mentor and friend: the compulsory pilot, he had gaily called himself. He had a vast experience of the world. He had always moved in the best French society. All that he knew, all the influence he could command, and the experience upon which he could draw were unreservedly at Barebone's service. The difference in years had only affected their friendship in so far as it defined their respective positions and prohibited any thought of rivalry. Colville had been the unquestioned leader, Barebone the ready disciple.

And now in the twinkling of an eye the positions were reversed. Colville stood watching Barebone's face with eyes rendered almost servile by a great suspense. He waited breathless for the next words.

"This portrait," said Barebone, "of the Queen was placed in the locket by you?"

Colville nodded, with a laugh of conscious cleverness rewarded by complete success. There was nothing in his companion's voice to suggest suppressed anger. It was all right after all. "I had great difficulty in finding just what I wanted," he added modestly.

"What I remember—though the memory is necessarily vague—was a portrait of a woman older than this. Her style of dress was more elaborate. Her hair was dressed differently, with sort of curls at the side; and on the top, half buried in the hair, was the imitation of a nest—a dove's nest. Such a thing would naturally stick in a child's memory. It stuck in mine."

"Yes—and nearly gave the game away to-night," said Colville, gulping down the memory of those tense moments.

"That portrait—the original—you have not destroyed it?"

"Oh, no; it is of some value," replied Colville, almost naïvely. He felt in his pocket and produced a silver cigar-case. The miniature was wrapped in a piece of thin paper, which he unfolded. Barebone took the painting and examined it with a little nod of recognition. His memory had not failed after twenty years.

"Who is this lady?" he asked.

Dormer Colville hesitated.

"Do you know the history of that period?" he inquired, after a moment's reflection. For the last hour he had been trying to decide on a course of conduct. During the last few minutes he had been forced to change it half-a-dozen times.

"Septimus Marvin of Farlingford is one of the greatest living authorities on those reigns. I learnt a good deal from him," was the answer.

"That lady is, I think, the Duchesse de Guiche."

"You think . . . ?"

"Even Marvin could not tell you for certain," replied Colville mildly. He did not seem to perceive a difference in Barebone's manner towards himself. The quickest intelligence cannot follow another's mind beyond its own depth.

"Then the inference is that my father was the illegitimate son of the Comte d'Artois—"

"Afterwards Charles X. of France," supplemented Colville significantly.

"Is that the inference?" persisted Barebone. "I should like to know your opinion. You must have studied the question very carefully. Your opinion should be of some interest, though—"

"Though . . . ?" echoed Colville interrogatively—and regretted it immediately.

"Though it is impossible to say when you speak the truth and when you lie."

And any who doubted that there was royal blood in Loo Barebone's veins would assuredly have been satisfied by a glance at his face at that moment; by the sound of his quiet, judicial voice; by the sudden and almost terrifying sense of power in his measuring eyes.



"Here," he said, eagerly, "look at one and then at the other."

Colville turned away with an awkward laugh, and gave his attention to the logs on the hearth. Then suddenly he regained his readiness of speech.

"Look here, Barebone!" he cried; "we must not quarrel—we cannot afford to do that. And after all, what does it matter? You are only giving yourself the benefit of the doubt—that is all. For there is a doubt. You may be what you—what we say you are. It is certain enough that Marie Antoinette and Fersen were in daily correspondence. They were both clever—two of the cleverest people in France—and they were both desperate. Remember that. Do you think that they would have failed in a matter of such intense interest to her and therefore to him? All these Pretenders—Naundorff and the others—have proved that quite clearly, but none has succeeded in proving that he was the man."

"And do you think that I shall be able to prove that I am the man—when I am not?"

By way of reply, Dormer Colville turned again to the fireplace and took down the print of Louis XVI. engraved from a portrait painted when he was still Dauphin. A mirror stood near, and Colville came to the table carrying the portrait in one hand, the looking-glass in the other.

"Here," he said eagerly, "look at one and then

at the other. Look in the mirror and then at the portrait. Prove it! Why, God has proved it for you."

"I do not think we had better bring Him into the question," was the retort—an odd reflex of Captain Clubbe's solid East Anglian piety. "No; if we go on with the thing at all let us be honest enough to admit to ourselves that we are dishonest. The portrait in that locket points clearly enough to the truth."

"The portrait in that locket is of Marie Antoinette," replied Colville half sullenly. "And no one can ever prove anything contrary to that. No one except myself knows of—of this doubt which you have stumbled upon. De Gemosac, Parson Marvin, Clubbe—all of them are convinced that your father was the Dauphin."

"And Miss Liston?"

"Miriam Liston—she also, of course. And I believe she knew it long before I told her."

Barebone turned and looked at him squarely in the eyes. Colville wondered a second time why Loo Barebone reminded him of Captain Clubbe to-night.

"What makes you believe that?" he asked.

"Oh! I don't know. But that isn't the question. The question is about the future. You see how things are in France. It is a question of Louis Napoleon or a Monarchy—you see that? Unless you stop him he will be Emperor before a year is out, and he will drag France in the gutter. He is less a Bonaparte than you are a Bourbon. You remember that Louis Bonaparte himself was the first to say so. He wrote a letter to the Pope saying so quite clearly. You will go on with it, of course, Barebone. Say you will go on with it! To turn back now would be death. We could not do it if we wanted to. I have been trying to think about it and I cannot. That is the truth. It takes one's breath away. At the mere thought of it I feel as if I were getting out of my depth."

"We have been out of our depth the last month," admitted Barebone curtly.

And he stood reflecting while Colville watched him.

"If I go on," he said at length, "I go on alone."

"Better not," urged Colville, with a laugh of great relief. "For you would always have me and my knowledge hanging over you. If you succeeded you would have me dunning you for hush-money."

Which seemed true enough. Few men knew more of one side of human nature than Dormer Colville, it would appear.

"I am not afraid of that."

"You can never tell," laughed Colville, but his laugh rather paled under Barebone's glance. "You can never tell."

"Wise men do not attempt to blackmail . . . Kings." And Colville caught his breath.

"Perhaps you are right," he admitted after a pause. "You seem to be taking to the position very kindly, Barebone; but I do not mind, you know. It does not matter what we say to each other, eh? We have been good friends so long; you must do as you like, and if you succeed I must be content to leave my share of the matter to your consideration. You certainly seem to know the business already, and some day, perhaps, you will remember who taught you to be a King."

"It was an old North Sea skipper who taught me that," replied Barebone. "That is one of the things I learnt at sea."

"Yes, yes," agreed Colville almost nervously. "And you will go on with the thing, will you not? Like a good fellow, eh? Think about it till to-morrow morning. I will go now. Which is my candle? Yes; you will think about it. Do not jump to any hasty decision."

He hurried to the door as he spoke. He could not understand Barebone at all.

"If I do go on with it," was the reply, "it will not be in response to any of your arguments. It will be only and solely for the sake of France."

"Yes, of course," agreed Colville, and closed the door behind him.

In his own room he turned and looked towards the door leading through to that from which he had hurriedly escaped. He passed his hand across his face, which was white and moist.

"For the sake of France!" he echoed, in bewilderment. "For the sake of France . . . Gad, I believe he is the man after all."

(To be continued.)

HISTORY AND VERSE.

The Paston Letters, A.D. 1422-1500. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by James Gairdner, of the Public Record Office. Vol. II. New Complete Library Edition. (London: Chatto and Windus. Exeter: James G. Cuthbert, 12s. 6d.)

A History of Modern England. By Herbert Paul. In Five Volumes. Vols. I and II. (London: Macmillan, 8s. 6d.)

Hernando de Soto. By R. B. Cunningham-Graham. (London: Heinemann, 6s.)

The Divine Vision, and Other Poems. By A. E. (London: Macmillan, 3s.)

Vigil and Vision: New Sonnets. By John Payne. (The Villon Society.)

"The Paston Letters," now being issued in a handsome Library Edition, limited to six hundred sets, have an odd literary history. This collection of letters and papers, relating—broadly speaking—to the period of the Wars of the Roses, remained unpublished and inaccessible until, in 1787, Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Fenn, their possessor, gave two volumes to the world under the encouragement of Horace Walpole. Three more volumes followed between 1789 and 1823, but the originals of all disappeared. Some were rediscovered in 1875, the rest in 1890; and with these finds certain additional letters came to light. Mr. James Gairdner edited the collection in 1872, and again in 1901, and his Introduction (a revised reprint of which will form Vol. I. of the present edition) has taken a permanent place as perhaps the most valuable modern historical essay on England in the fifteenth century. It is hardly necessary now to enlarge on the interest of this unique series of contemporary documents, though it may be suspected that the Paston Letters are more often alluded to than read by those who have occasion to speak of the times of Henry VI. and Edward IV. They supply exactly what the chroniclers and historians do not give—a picture of daily country life in England at a very disturbed time. The Pastons were small country gentry, who were distinctly on the upward path in the fifteenth century, and sometimes found that path very thorny. They were, on the whole, Yorkist in sympathy, but the local politics of Norfolk (where they generally had at least two disputes over property at issue with their neighbours) had perhaps a greater effect on their actions than had the wider causes at stake in England. From the letters written to or by members of the family, and from the legal documents and copies of State papers preserved in their archives, we can see how high politics reacted on local affairs, and can gather much information as to conditions of land tenure, legal processes, and the conventions of social life to be found in no other records. Perhaps Mr. Herman Merivale, writing in the *Edinburgh Review* some thirty years ago, gives the best summary possible: "In the Paston Letters we meet with personages of the better class in all periods of life. The Eton schoolboy, the anxious maiden, the match-making mother, the resolute woman of business, the poor cousin, the family counsellor, the chief of the house himself, full of party politics, but still of plans of pecuniary gain and personal aggrandisement—are there, all busy as they on earth were busy, and as, with superficial differences only, their descendants of the twelfth generation are busy to this day." The present volume contains 259 documents, ranging from about 1417 (though the title-page says 1422) to 1454. The format and type are excellent. It would, however, be a great convenience if each volume had its own table of contents.

To say that Mr. Paul's historical volumes are readable is not to pay him an extravagant compliment. One expects them to be a good deal more. Mr. Paul's essays have given him a very high position in literary criticism; and his history should be to the full as mellow and as brilliant. We fear, however, that many readers will find it hard and fidgetty. Much of the first two volumes bears signs of extreme haste. So careful a writer, if speed had been no object, could scarcely have printed such a sentence as this: "At the same time, emigration began to relieve the pressure upon subsistence, and, happily for England, the Irish famine partially forestalled the operation of the Act which established Free Trade." Having read this many times, we have no idea what it means. All that is clear is that to call the Irish famine a piece of good fortune for England is a very strange lapse of judgment. Again, if Mr. Paul had not been in a hurry, he could not have written this: "Neither Lord John Russell nor Sir Charles Wood were by nature sympathetic." Leisure for adequate reflection would have saved Mr. Paul from this kind of philosophy: "There is a mystery of genius as well as a mystery of iniquity. Its source and origin are not human but divine." Who is any the wiser for that information? And, what is the difference between "source" and "origin"? We are told that "Pickwick" has never been surpassed; yet Mr. Paul tries to surpass it by turning Bob Sawyer into Dick Sawyer. It is sad to find a chapter beginning with this piece of tautology: "Before the Treaty of Paris was signed, Lord Palmerston had heedlessly involved himself in a quarrel with the House of Lords, where they were entirely in the right, and he was altogether in the wrong." If they were entirely right, it follows that the rest is vain repetition. Still more unfortunate is Mr. Paul's method of narrative, which jumbles together wholly incongruous things. In a chapter called "The Literature of the Mid-Century," the style comes down to bald summary, and we have this passage: "Herbert Spencer's 'Social Statics,' the earliest of his books, is also the simplest and most intelligible. Without underrating his later and larger works, we may say that nowhere has the need for a scientific study of social phenomena been more clearly or more persuasively argued. Electric telegraphy made great strides in 1851. Submarine cables were laid from Dover to Calais," etc. Here the reader's mind gets a sudden jolt, which gives him a distaste for this form of composition. Telegraphy is dragged in at the tail of the chapter to show that "the age was one of material progress rather than of literary insight."

But why not give some reasonable space to the material progress? Instead of doing that, Mr. Paul would have us understand that material progress has no interest for him. What he really cares about, apparently, is Parliamentary debate. In setting out to write a history of England since 1846 he admits that it ought not to be too political. In his hands it is little else. We grow weary of what Palmerston said and of what Lord John Russell said. Matters of real moment in the social development of the people are barely mentioned. We have scraps of the literature, and scraps of the theology, and scraps of the biography, which read like obituary notices in the *Times*. All this is not the writing of history; and we hope Mr. Paul will do more justice to his fine gifts in the remaining volumes.

No book by the author of "Moghreb al Acksa" and "Thirteen Stories" can fail to be interesting, and Mr. R. B. Cunningham-Graham's latest work, "Hernando de Soto," is another example of its author's ability to tell a story well. We do not hear much about the Conquistadores nowadays—

Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

They stood for Spain at her best, and were brave, cruel, devout, lustful, covetous men with a code of honour that shows strange *lacunæ* in the light of the twentieth century. Hernando de Soto was one of the best. He accompanied Pizarro to Peru and protested roundly against the murder of the Inca Atahualpa. Returned to Spain with a fortune, and with love of adventure upon him once again, he obtained from Charles V. permission to conquer Florida and add it to the Spanish Empire oversea. How he strove, what difficulties he overcame, and how in the end his unbroken spirit passed from his wearied body—all these things and more are set out by Mr. Cunningham-Graham. He is equipped for the task with a sympathy that enables him to pass lightly over the least praiseworthy side of the Conquistador's life, and a knowledge of the Southern States of America and their Indians that helps him to feel and express vividly the most exciting adventures of his hero. Appended to the life-story of Hernando de Soto are certain adventures of Gonçalo Silvestre, one of Soto's youngest and bravest lieutenants, who rode a fine horse well, and for this alone would claim the sympathy of his biographer. Only Mr. Cunningham-Graham could have written the book, and it is well worth reading.

The writer who remains in retreat under the initials "A. E." has published, in "The Divine Vision," a collection of mystical, mythical, and symbolic poems. The mysticism is rather facile, the myths are Irish, and the symbolism has the fault of being evidently easier to write than to read—that is, the vague path of thought is taken freely, on an impulse, by the writer; but for the reader to follow, without impulse and certainly without liberty, is a hard day's work. Nay, the more freedom in the leader the more bondage for the follower. To take an illustration: how difficult it is to make an exact copy of a flourish—a *paraphe* under a signature—the forger has doubtless long known. "A. E." is one of the Celtic poets whose "movement" has replied to the not entirely fortunate prompting of Matthew Arnold. It is a tenable opinion that the "Celtic magic"—the note of poetry which he thought he had discovered, or at any rate distinguished—is the most purely English thing in the world, or at least more abundant in English poetry than in any other. But the Celtic bard has taken Matthew Arnold's word for it that this poetry within poetry, this closer yet wilder quality, this opening of Emerson's "flower of the mind," is his own in right of race. What is really his own, nationally, is a peculiar facility, which is not genius, sometimes accompanies genius, and sometimes stands alone and seems in uncritical eyes to take its place. The facile imagination, the ready-made diction, and the customary flight of verse, with the Celt, are of a quality different from that of verse of the same degree of power in England. "A. E." writes with fervour, with some sweetness, with metrical music. But—granting the racial or national gift—there is very little that is salient. His is level work, though the level is a fairly high table-land.

Mr. Payne's hundred and fifty sonnets, or thereabouts, are so unequal in value that we must conjecture an indiscriminate publication. The best have thought and feeling expressed with dignity, and are records of hours of sincere and solitary meditation; the rest are too defective in beauty and poetry to bear them company. Sincere they are doubtless in their degree, but they do not justify their existence as poems; they lack inspiration, and even that which, in the absence of inspiration, we agree to call "spirit"; and they are, unfortunately, controversial. Mr. Payne argues against sport, he avers that a horse sacrificed in the South African War is "worth a world of Boers," threatens England with visitations of famine and pestilence and intestine war in satisfaction for the death of the animal, urges the respectability of the Turk and the inferiority of the Slav, and contends on various other matters of religion, politics, and ethics. But poetry should never argue, though it may persuade, or—jumping the process—claim as though all were already persuaded. In some of these unpoetic poems Mr. Payne tells us that he has a strong opinion as to the greatest of Englishmen; they are three—Shakspeare, Dickens, and Turner. It is a not uninteresting judgment, and in this case there is no argument about it, nothing but a plain declaration, which, so far, is well. Mr. Payne's best sonnets are of quite another character. They deal not with public affairs, but with matters the most private of all—not friendship, which has partners, not love, which has a dual solitude—but the absolute loneliness of a soul drawing towards the later years, awake, and at night. Some of these poems, weighted with thought, are moving, without any search after pathos and without weakness or complaint. They have a note of experience which is not less than solemn, and—but for the now common tone of revolt—even noble.

THE IDYLL OF AN ISLAND.

The fiction that masquerades as fact and fails, we know; we likewise know the fact that, with equal audacity and futility, masquerades as fiction; but the judiciously woven texture of plain truth, and that higher and more universal form of verity derived from the imagination, the texture wherein the elements defy analysis, is a rarer stuff, and one to be duly prized when it is discovered. The writer who seems to promise literal fact, and who either invests it with the charm of fiction, or so presents fiction that it seems the most persuasive fact, is, of course, either a great historian or a great novelist. He, or she, may be neither, either from lack of elaboration or from triviality of theme; and yet, within narrow limits, he, or in the case immediately before us certainly *she*, may have produced something very charming, and with elements of permanence for all its slightness of warp and woof. For the fifth time, the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden" has put forth a book: her literary works now outnumber her nurslings by two. "I have had," she says, "a little row of babies, and have brought it up quite nicely"; and the same may be claimed for her little row of books. Elizabeth is without doubt a sorceress. She holds out "The Adventures of Elizabeth in Rügen" (Macmillan), which has somewhat the semblance of a guide-book, and, lo! it assumes the guise of a little novel. It is an itinerary, yet an itinerary with companions of flesh and blood. Lightly touched-in they may be; but the drawing is satisfying and round; every figure has a back; most have a backbone. It is, yet is not, a novel; but there is climactic structure, rightly attaining its topmost rung at the last word. There is play of character, even analysis of the same—all very revolutionary in a guide-book to an island in the Baltic, yet of undoubted verisimilitude as long as you forget the guide-book, which it is not; for when did the kindred of Baedeker ever achieve climax? And to forget the guide-book is inevitable, for you drive round Rügen with Elizabeth, who tells you about everything, and a good deal more, as you go; and Elizabeth's talk is better than any guide-book. But remember, although a certain history of England has been called a novel, this historical work is no novel. It defies definition, except, perhaps, Shakspere's "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral."

Hear now the genesis of the book: There came a day when this princess, *bien entendu*, was weary of Prussia, home, and duty; and, turning pages listlessly in the library, she read of Rügen and its wondrous sea-bathing, as described by Marianne North, who dwells immortal in a red-brick shrine at Kew. To Rügen therefore she went, having borrowed of her husband one carriage, two horses, and August, a capable son of Jehu. Her scheme was to drive at leisure round the island in her own company and incidentally that of Gertrud, her stolid, inexceptionable maid. Gertrud's training was such that in her company one could quite well be alone. Automatically she saw to "the gracious one's" comfort, and for the rest was simply Gertrud, of whom the most that is known particularly is that she wore some kind of comfortable cloth boots, disliked walking, and read the *Kreuzzeitung* regularly.

With admirable touches of natural description, Elizabeth pursues her journey, which soon justifies the adventurous title of its record. It would be the height of impertinence to hint to the candid chronicler that we doubted the exact and artistic sequence of all the breathless happenings in that enchanted isle of the Ost See. We can no more doubt them or escape them than could the Wedding Guest the Ancient Mariner—

She holds us with her glittering phrase;
Elizabeth hath her will,

and woe be to him who suggests that he has heard the loud bassoon! Woe, too, unto those critics who object that the gracious one has a dual personality, the one watching the other! That, we take it, is where the chief fun comes in, and so wholehearted a Wordsworthian as Frau X. cannot be accused of disingenuousness. Had Frau X. not been set to catch Frau X., the former could not have been known for lack of the latter as contrapositive, always assuming the correctness of the doctrine of the counter-relativity of knowledge, wherein we believe the gracious one herself would follow us.

For a day or two she is in Eden, and makes the sympathetic reader vow to visit the Baltic and Germany's largest island as soon as may be. But the serpent enters. Elizabeth's cousin, Charlotte, whom she has not seen for years, has likewise sought Rügen as a retreat from her domestic sorrows. For Charlotte, the adored and erudite wife of Professor Nieberlein, of European fame, was never taken seriously by that aged and amorous pundit, so she fled from his embraces to preach the glorious gospel of female emancipation. From the hour that Charlotte insisted on sharing Elizabeth's carriage, the pastoral of Rügen becomes tragical, yet not unmixed with the comical, when aged and amorous Nieberlein drops from the clouds and shouts a playful "Bo!" into his earnest and indignant Charlotte's ear, following the pleasantries with elephantine and embarrassing, yet unblushing, blandishments, *coram populo*, as he himself might say.

The philanthropic Elizabeth, regretting the break-up of the Nieberleins' domestic happiness, sets herself to repair it, with results that appear only when the book has been read to the last page. But the Professor and his wife, "his little Lot" as he calls her in unconscious echo of an ancient ditty long since mute, are not the only causes of humour in the Rügen tour. Mrs. Harvey Brown, the "prelatess," and her son Brosy, the "very personable young man," that pronounced product of Balliol, are drawn with a fidelity that proves the writer—"good Prussian woman" though she calls herself—to be of Anglo-Saxon kinship. For the rest, her English declares it.

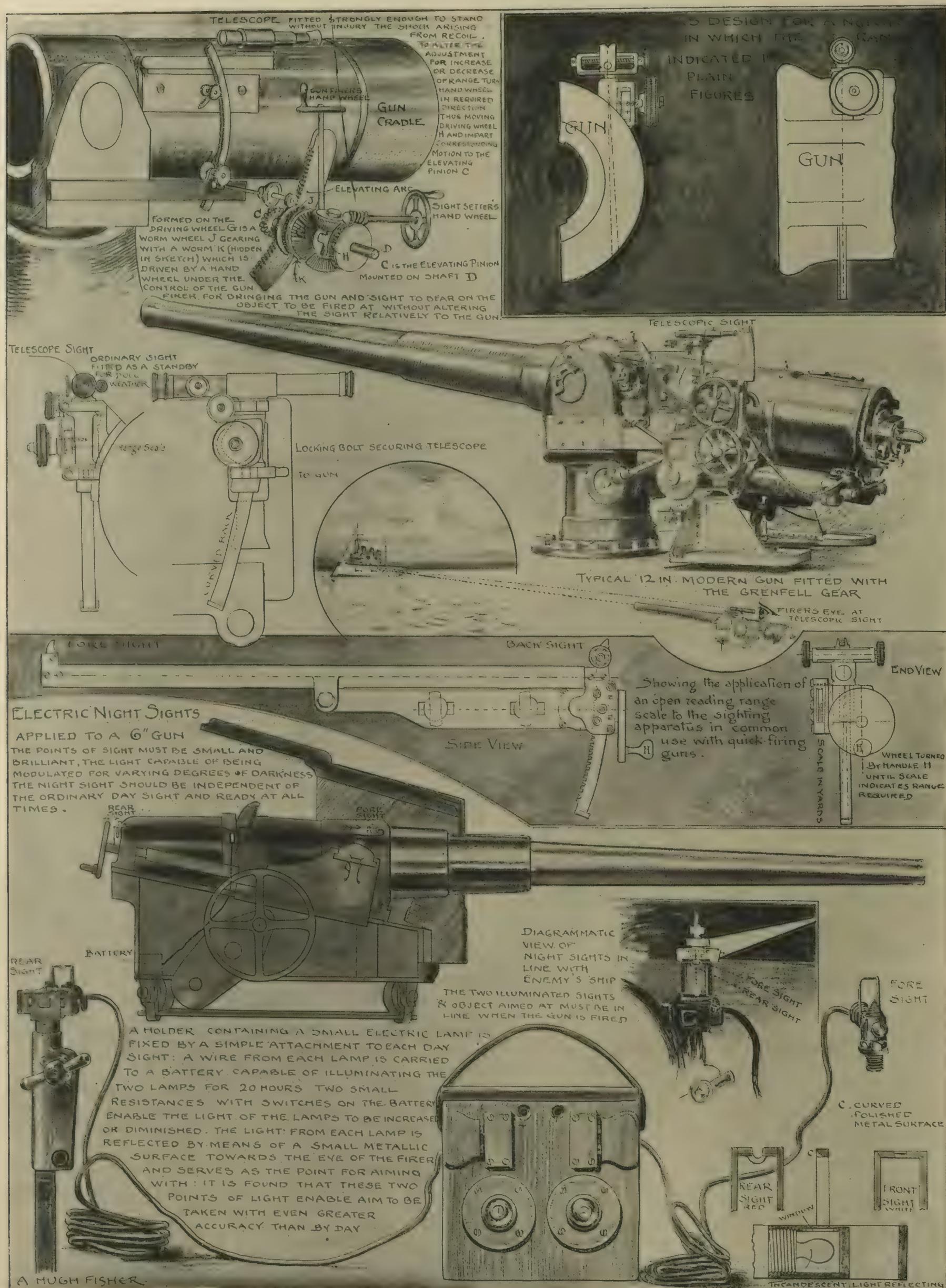
CEYLON ON THE STAGE: THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT DALY'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER; CENTRAL DRAWING BY W. RUSSELL FLINT.



THE EYES OF THE CANNON: CAPTAIN GRENFELL'S SIGHTS FOR DAY AND NIGHT AIMING.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY CAPTAIN GRENFELL.



MODERN METHODS OF AIMING WITH TELESCOPIC AND OTHER SIGHTS.

Despite the extraordinary advance in the accuracy and efficiency of modern naval guns, it was until recently unaccompanied by any corresponding improvement in the means and methods of sighting and alignment (i.e., taking aim). During the past few years, however, the inventions of Captain H. Grenfell have revolutionised the theory and practice of marksmanship. Above we show drawings of some of the details of his sights, gears, and adjustments.

FROM COURT TO CAMP: ARISTOCRATIC RUSSIAN LADIES SEWING FOR THE HOSPITALS.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE WORK-ROOM ESTABLISHED BY THE CZARITSA IN THE WINTER PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

In one of the halls of the Palace, lately the scene of Imperial festivities, the Empress has established a work-room where the ladies of the aristocracy meet every day to make garments and hospital requisites for the soldiers in the Far East.

HALFWAY-HOUSE ON AN ICY JOURNEY: BRIEF COMFORT FOR WARRIORS ON LAKE BAIKAL.

DRAWINGS BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM A SKETCH SUPPLIED BY MR. HERMAN BICKNELL.



EXTERIOR OF THE HALFWAY-HOUSE.

RUSSIAN OFFICERS ON THEIR WAY EASTWARD HALTING AT THE REFRESHMENT-STATION MIDWAY ON THE ICE DURING THE JOURNEY ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL.
The hut, where travellers crossing the frozen lake by sleigh or the new ice-railroad halt for refreshments, is made of wood, lined with felt. It has double doors, as a further protection against the intense cold.

AN EMPRESS'S CARE FOR THE WOUNDED: THE CZARITSA AND THE HOSPITAL-TRAIN.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



The Czaritsa.

THE CZARITSA INSPECTING THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL-TRAIN FOR THE FAR EAST, FEBRUARY 24.
Hospital-train No. 13 was the first sent to the seat of war by the Ministry: those which preceded it were despatched by the Red Cross Society. The thirteen coaches constitute a complete ambulance, and contain operating-room, pharmacy, wards, stores, and accommodation for doctors and nurses. One coach contains gifts from the Empress to the soldiers.

THE RAIL ON THE ICE: FACILITATING THE RUSSIAN TRANSPORT ACROSS FROZEN LAKE BAIKAL.

DRAWN BY G. CONRAD FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



RUSSIAN ENGINEERS LAYING THE LINE ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL.

The first train on the rail newly laid across the ice of Lake Baikal made the journey on February 24 in four hours. The line had been completed the day before. The fifty-mile journey can be done as quickly in sledges as by train, but the railway gives the advantage of obviating the necessity for detraining.

A QUESTION OF INTERNATIONAL LAW: A BRITISH VESSEL STOPPED BY A RUSSIAN CRUISER.

DRAWN BY E. S. HODGSON FROM SKETCHES BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE S.S. "AIRLIE."



THE BRITISH MERCHANT-STEAMER "AIRLIE" OVERHAULED AND BOARDED BY A RUSSIAN CRUISER IN THE RED SEA.

After the "Airlie" had been signalled to lie to, Russian officers went aboard her and examined her papers to make sure of her nationality and that she carried no contraband of war. The Russians then apologised, and allowed the British vessel to proceed on her voyage.



JOHNSON & CO.

A CRUISER AGAINST A FLEET: THE SINKING OF THE RUSSIAN SHIP "VARIAG" AFTER HER HEROIC STRUGGLE AGAINST A JAPANESE SQUADRON AT CHEMULPO, FEBRUARY 9.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER FROM A SKETCH BY A NAVAL OFFICER

The cruiser "Varyag" and the gun-boat "Korietz" were summoned by the Japanese to leave the harbour of Chemulpo, otherwise they would be bombarded where they lay. They accordingly came out and fought against a vastly superior force, including the cruisers "Naniwa," "Takachiho," "Akashi," and "Suma," and at nightfall retired, only to sail out again next day, with bands playing the Russian National Anthem, to renew the combat, when both Russian vessels were destroyed. The survivors were rescued by the French cruiser "Pascal."

The "Pascal."

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN MANCHURIA: MUKDEN.

Drawn after a photograph by Mr. HERMAN BICKNELL.



THE ART OF OLD CATHAY IN THE GRIP OF THE MOSCOVITE: A PICTURESQUE STREET IN MUKDEN.

Mukden is the old capital of the Manchu dynasty, the founder of which established himself there in 1625. The safety of the tombs of the ancient rulers has been the subject of Chinese concern and of diplomatic correspondence. The town has three concentric walls, the innermost enclosing the Palace. The streets are broad and straight, and full of artistically carved signposts. Mukden trades in furs, textile fabrics, and hardware.

"EASTWARD THE GUARD OF EMPIRE TAKES ITS WAY": A RUSSIAN WAR INCIDENT.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT FROM A SKETCH BY P. ROBERT.



"BROTHERS, FAREWELL!" OFFICERS OF THE IMPERIAL GUARD LEAVING ST. PETERSBURG FOR ACTIVE SERVICE IN THE FAR EAST.

To each regiment of his departing troops, as he reviewed them at the Winter Palace, the Czar has personally addressed stirring speeches of encouragement, concluding with the words, "Farewell, my brothers."

BRITISH FOOTSTEPS IN MYSTERIOUS ASIATIC UPLANDS: OUR ADVANCE INTO TIBET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EXPEDITIONARY OFFICERS.



1. TIBETAN SOLDIERS.

2. CAMPING-PLACE OF THE ORIGINAL MISSION: KAMBA JONG.

3. BRITISH AND TIBETAN DIPLOMATISTS: A RECEPTION OF
TIBETAN COMMISSIONERS BY A BRITISH OFFICER.4. IN THE GRASP OF THE TIBETAN WINTER: FROZEN WATER-
FALL, 80 FEET HIGH, BETWEEN CHUMBI AND PHARI.

5. GENERAL VIEW OF KHAMBA JONG (JONG= FORT).

6. ALPINE SCENERY IN ASIA.

7. TIBETAN ARCHITECTURE: A RUINED TOWER.

8. TWENTY THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE SEA-LEVEL: A VIEW
FROM A PEAK IN THE CENTRAL HIMALAYAN CHAIN, NEVER
BEFORE VISITED BY A EUROPEAN.9. A HALTING-PLACE: THE CAMP OF THE BRITISH MISSION,
NORTH OF THE SIKKIM FRONTIER, WITH KINCHENJUNGA IN
THE BACKGROUND.

10. THE RELIGIOUS OF TIBET: NATIVE NUNS.

11. FROM THE TOP OF THE PHARI FORT: THE FIRST CAMP AT
PHARI, SHOWING THE STACKS OF GRASS IN THE VILLAGE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

LIFE'S ORIGINS.

Many readers will recollect the interesting theory ventilated by Lord Kelvin in a British Association Presidential address concerning a probable origin of the teeming vitality of our world. He held—and Helmholtz also advocated the idea—that it was possible that the first germs of life were carried to this earth from other worlds than ours by meteorites. The shooting-stars, charged with lower organisms, were thus regarded as sowing with us the seeds of life. Naturally the question here resolved itself into a case of *le premier pas*. Once vitality made its appearance on the earth's surface, the initial stage of all future developments was taken. On the theory of evolution, it would only require time for the lower forms thus sown to evolve and develop into higher kinds of organisms. So far, there is represented no philosophical difficulty in conceiving how the appearance on the globe of animals and plants may have taken place.

An interesting suggestion in connection with this subject was recently made in the shape of the idea that by pulverising a portion of the interior of a meteorite, the existence of organic (or living) matter might be determined. This notion might certainly be carried into practical effect with very little trouble, and the chemist would have no difficulty, I apprehend, in settling whether the meteorite was wholly mineral in composition, or whether it exhibited traces of organic substance. Be that as it may, we are led towards another view of life's origin, which to biologists has always presented a large amount of attractiveness.

Francesco Redi showed the philosophers of Florence that the maggots in meat which they regarded as generated by the dead and putrefying substance were really the larvae and offspring of flesh flies, and arose by a natural process of reproduction from the eggs laid in the meat by the mother flies. This simple observation overthrew the "spontaneous generation" theory for a time, because it directed the closer observation of cases which had been before unhesitatingly accepted as illustrative of the view that that which was dead could give origin to that which was living. Later on, the question was reopened by the discussion of the origin of animalcules and other low forms of life in stagnant waters, and in infusions of leaves, hay, flesh, and the like. The microscope showed such infusions to swarm with vitality; and by aid of experiments made in the eighteenth century, it was sought to demonstrate that this abundant development of life could arise without the pre-existence of parent forms. Liquids known to be capable of producing life were boiled and sterilised, and yet showed a full crop of animalcular existence. Hence it was concluded that if Redi was right as regards the development of high forms of animals, his view did not apply to the lower grades of existence.

But Spallanzani, in his turn, showed that if the liquids were sterilised more effectively, and if, besides, greater care were taken in excluding air from them, no life appeared in the infusions; they remained barren of all vitality. When the air was admitted to them they soon gave evidence of the presence of life, so that it was concluded that the "germs" of the organisms really came from the air. This view gave origin to the "germ theory" of to-day, which has had such a marked influence on the prevention of disease, and on many departments of the art and science of medicine and surgery. The experiments of Pasteur, Tyndall, and others will be fresh in the minds of readers. They showed that even mechanical filters would keep infusions lifeless by preventing germs from gaining access to them. Opened in the pure germless air of the Alps, Tyndall's flasks, which gave evidence of life when they were so treated in the lower valleys, remained clear and sterile. Such evidence that life could only appear as the result of pre-existing vitality caused Huxley to maintain that the theory of "spontaneous generation" had been finally routed, and that biogenesis was all-victorious.

The application of the germ theory is seen as clearly in the view taken of an infectious disease as in experiments on animalcular development. For the sanitarian to-day no more believes that a case of scarlet fever, smallpox, or typhoid can be produced in the absence of germs (derived, of course, from a preceding case) than he does in the development of a potato from anything else than a parent plant. All the practice of hygiene is founded on the conception that if we can lay hold of first cases of infectious disorder, and efficiently isolate and disinfect, we prevent them from multiplying into thousands. But there are not wanting, even in these latter days of the full recognition of the germ-transmission of disease, signs and symptoms that the doctrine of biogenesis is not universally accepted. Dr. H. C. Bastian has long held out for the view that nature still illustrates the *de novo* origin of lower life. He also argues for the development of certain forms of life from varied and different living sources, as, for example, when he relates that from the egg or germ of one kind of animalcule, quite a different being from the parent may be evolved.

Here it is suggested we are beholding, still in operation, the process of evolution which in the past may be believed to have been the cause of the varied development of life from its primitive germs. Also Dr. Bastian argues for the development of animalcular life directly from the scum or pellicle which forms on the surface of infusions. His views have remained those of a heterodox scientist, hardly noticed by the biological world, but they certainly open up a vista of philosophical possibilities none the less. We may require a fresh series of investigations by way of showing whether—even if the germ theory be true—life may originate in ways other than those represented by parental pre-existence.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J FIELD (Sheffield).—Problem No. 3122 is correctly printed. How can the Black King be in check when there are intervening pieces?

F LIBBY (Leamington).—Very glad to hear from you again. Your problem shall receive attention.

P DALY (Brighton).—Thanks for problems.

W OWEN.—We must decline your problems; they do not possess the slightest suggestion of chess strategy.

SORRENTO.—Your favourable criticism of Mr. E J Winter-Wood's problem is endorsed by many other correspondents.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3116 received from Nripendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of No. 3119 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3120 from F B (Worthing); of No. 3121 from Doryman, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Fire Plug, and C E Perugini.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3122 received from Laura Greaves (Shelton), Doryman, Reginald Gordon, R Worts (Canterbury), Hereward, A S Brown (Paisley), A Rettick (Upper Tooting), J W (Camps e), Martin F, G Bakker (Rotterdam), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Sorrento, A W Roberts (Gloucester), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Charles Nicholson (Buxton), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), E J Winter-Wood, Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), A W Hindley (Liverpool), Albert Wolff (Putney), Clement C Danby, H Le Jeune, C C Haviland (Frimley Green), W D'A Barnard (Uppingham), T Roberts, F Henderson (Leeds), L Desanges (West Bromwich), H J Plumb (Sandhurst), W Benton (Clifton), Shadforth, Mark Dawson, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), L Reeve, W Allin Thompson (Dawlish), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), Charles Burnett, and F J S (Hampstead).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3121.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.

WHITE.

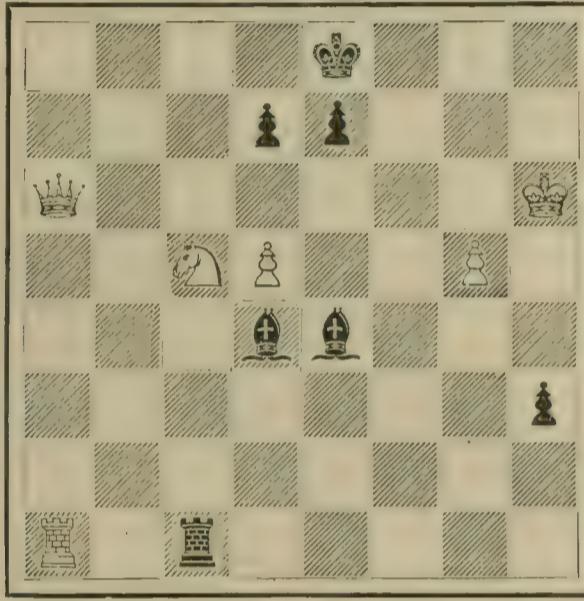
BLACK.

1. B to B 6th
2. B takes B
3. Mates.

If Black play 1. B to R 3rd, 2. R (R 8th) takes B; if 1. B to Q 6th, 2. K takes B; if 1. B to K 7th, 2. R (R 2nd) takes B; if 1. B elsewhere, then 2. R to R sq, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3124.—By E. MAUER (Berlin).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. MARCO and GUNNSBERG.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. G.)

1. P to K 4th P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to K 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th
7. P takes P P takes P
8. Q takes Q (ch) Kt takes Q
9. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 3rd
10. B to Kt 5th Kt to K 3rd
11. B takes Kt P takes B

The position now favours Black, who has more freedom than his opponent. An element of danger, however, lies in the isolation of the K R P, as will be strangely exemplified in the ending.

12. Kt to B 3rd P to B 3rd
13. Kt to K 2nd Kt to B 4th
14. Kt to Kt 3rd B to K 3rd
15. Kt to R 4th P to Q R 4th
16. Q R to Q sq B to B 4th
17. R to Q 2nd P to R 5th

Black does not care to fight with two Bishops against two Knights; and in the crowded state of the board he was quite right.

18. B takes B P takes B
19. K R to Q sq K to K 2nd
20. P to Kt 5th P tks P (*en passant*)
21. R P takes P K R to Q sq
22. R takes R B takes R
23. Kt to B 3rd R to R 7th
24. R to Q B sq B to R 4th

Realising too late the consequences of the White King's flank march, it is not often a monarch scores off his own bat in this fashion.

25. K to B sq B to B 6th
26. K to Kt sq B to Kt 7th
27. R to K sq B to R 6th
28. R to K 2nd B to Kt 5th
29. P to R 4th

White is helpless in everything, but he has abundant time for the extraordinary manœuvres that make this game a curiosity.

30. K to R 2nd B to R 6th
31. K to R 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
32. K to Kt 4th R takes P
33. K to R 5th R to Kt 7th
34. K to R 6th K to B 2nd

Well played. If now P takes Kt, P takes P will win.

35. K takes P R takes P
36. Kt to Kt 5th (ch) Well played. If now P takes Kt, P takes P will win.

37. Kt to B 3rd R to R 6th
38. K to Kt 7th K to Q 6th
39. P to R 5th P to Kt 5th
40. P to R 6th R to R 2nd
41. P to R 7th K to Q 3 (dis. ch)

42. K to R 6th R to R sq
43. K to Kt 7th R to R 2nd (ch)
44. K to R 6th R to R sq

Drawn Game.

Another game played in the same Tournament between

Messrs. MARSHALL and SWIDERSKI.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)

It is obvious the Queens cannot be exchanged by White.

15. Q to Q 3rd Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt Q takes P (ch)

17. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
18. Q R to Kt sq Q R to Q sq

19. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 5th
20. Castles K to R 4th

21. Q to Q 4th P to Q Kt 3rd

22. B to Q 4th P to K 2nd
23. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

24. B to K 5th Q to Q 2nd
25. O to B 2nd Kt to B 5th

26. Q R to Q sq K to B 3rd
27. R takes R R takes R
28. R to Q sq R takes R (ch)

29. Q takes R Q takes P (ch)

The game is now very difficult, the advantage, perhaps, being with Black. By this move, however, he loses right off.

30. K takes Q K to K 6 (ch)
31. K to B 3rd Kt takes Q

32. P to B 4th Resigns.

The Black Knight is now trapped beyond hope of escape.

It is obvious the Queens cannot be exchanged by White.

15. Q to Q 3rd Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt Q takes P (ch)

17. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
18. Q R to Kt sq Q R to Q sq

19. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 5th
20. Castles K to R 4th

21. Q to Q 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
22. B to Q 4th P to K 2nd
23. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

24. B to K 5th Q to Q 2nd
25. O to B 2nd Kt to B 5th

26. Q R to Q sq K to B 3rd
27. R takes R R takes R
28. R to Q sq R takes R (ch)

29. Q takes R Q takes P (ch)

The game is now very difficult, the advantage, perhaps, being with Black. By this move, however, he loses right off.

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16. P takes Kt Q takes P (ch)

17. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
18. Q R to Kt sq Q R to Q sq

19. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 5th
20. Castles K to R 4th

21. Q to Q 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
22. B to Q 4th P to K 2nd
23. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

24. B to K 5th Q to Q 2nd
25. O to B 2nd Kt to B 5th

26. Q R to Q sq K to B 3rd
27. R takes R R takes R
28. R to Q sq R takes R (ch)

29. Q takes R Q takes P (ch)

The game is now very difficult, the advantage, perhaps, being with Black. By this move, however, he loses right off.

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18. Q R to Kt sq Q R to Q sq

19. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 5th
20. Castles K to R 4th

21. Q to Q 4th P to Q Kt 3rd
22. B to Q 4th P to K 2nd
23. P to K B 4th P to B 4th

24. B to K 5th Q to Q 2nd
25. O to B 2nd Kt to B 5th

26. Q R to Q sq K to B 3rd
27. R takes R R takes R
28. R to Q sq R takes R (ch)

29. Q takes R Q takes P (ch)

The game is now very difficult, the advantage, perhaps, being with Black. By this move, however, he loses right off.

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31. K to B 3rd Kt takes Q

32. P to B 4th Resigns.

The Black Knight is now trapped beyond hope of escape.

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15. Q to Q 3rd Kt takes Kt
16. P takes Kt Q takes P (ch)

17. B to K 3rd Kt to B 3rd
18. Q R to Kt sq Q R to Q sq

19. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 5th
20. Castles K to R 4th

LADIES' PAGES.

It is seldom that a wedding takes place in Westminster Abbey, and for one to be celebrated in Henry the Seventh's Chapel is almost unprecedented. Such a rare distinction was granted to the daughter of the famous soldier, Lord Dundonald. The banner of the bride's ancestor, Sir T. Cochrane, as Knight of the Bath, hangs in the Chapel, to which came his fair young great-granddaughter to be made the bride of the heir to the peerage of Belhaven. The bridegroom was one of those elder sons of noble Scottish houses in which the title held by the heirs is the curious one of "the Master." However, this is, like a Bishop's "My Lord," a purely personal title, not shared by the holder's wife; and Lady Grizel Cochrane did not become "Mistress of Belhaven," but will henceforth be simply Lady Grizel Hamilton. Her name as a girl has been hereditary in her family ever since it was borne by the heroine of the line—or, rather, the one who found in her path one of the rare opportunities of heroism that the workaday world affords. Sir John Cochrane, in 1685, took a prominent part in a Scotch rebellion against James II., and was arrested and condemned to die as a traitor. If time were allowed to use all available influence in London, it was known to be probable that this sentence would be lessened to imprisonment. But Sir John's enemies urged the instant sending down to Edinburgh of the warrant for his execution, so that he should be dead ere any effective appeal could be organised. News reached the prisoner's family that the warrant for the execution, signed by the King, would be sent from London on a certain day by the ordinary post, and when it arrived the execution would take place immediately. The prisoner's daughter, the Lady Grizel Cochrane of her day, formed a resolve to intercept the warrant. Dressed as a man, and masked, she met the postman on his horse in a lonely part of the Great North Road, and, threatening him with her pistols as if she were a veritable highwayman, she compelled him to deliver up the mail-bags, with which she spurred to a safe distance, and then she rifled them of the one important packet bearing the royal seal. Before another warrant could be obtained from London, the life of the prisoner had been secured by the intercession of his friends, and in due course, William of Orange came to the throne and the conspirators against James were released.

While the marriage of a daughter of the same house and the same name recalls this old story of woman's courage, Lady Lugard (well known as Miss Flora Shaw, once the Colonial correspondent of the *Times*) has just informed us that at this day in Africa there is a tribe which has an Amazon army. Her Ladyship was lecturing on Nigeria at the Society of Arts, with the Duke of Marlborough in the chair, and she stated that in the heart of West Africa there are many tribes whose



A TEA-GOWN OF SILK.

appearance and customs are not yet accurately known, and that about some of these wonderful stories are told. Among them is this tribe whose fighting is all done by the women, who are said to be physically the larger and stronger sex. The public offices are also filled by women. Greater equality of men and women is not unknown among savages where there is no crippling by costume and no artificial pampering.

To return to Lady Grizel Cochrane's wedding in Westminster Abbey. The bride chose to have a "white wedding." Her maids' frocks were made of white chiffon, Greek in outline, the bands holding the bodice draperies in position being of delicate lily-leaf green; the edges of the chiton-like draperies were outlined with silver embroidery, while silver thistles held the pleats on the shoulders. The bridesmaids wore wreaths of snowdrops, and instead of bouquets they carried Directoire sticks of white enamelled wood tipped with lilies-of-the-valley and twined round with snowdrops and smilax interlaced. The little girl bridesmaids carried the bride's train on either side, the end being held by the one page, who was Viscount Uffington, the small son of the Earl of Craven. He was attired after the fashion of the noble Court pages of the Louis XV. period, in white satin coat and breeches with a long waistcoat embroidered in green and silver. The bridal gown was of white chiffon over satin, the festoons of the flounce headed by chiffon roses, and held in place by silver-embroidered thistles and shamrocks; the train of chiffon over satin was embroidered in lines with silver, and a trail of roses, orange blossom, and myrtle appeared on the bodice.

A remarkable display was given recently by the pupils of Miss Alice James, at the North Hackney High School for Girls, of the possibility of training children to use both hands. Miss James has been a pioneer in many respects in girls' secondary education: she was one of the first high-school principals to introduce regular gymnasium work into the daily curriculum, and she does not allow any girl to wear corsets in school. Another original idea of Miss James's devising, which it would be a good thing to see widely copied, is the establishment of a course in domestic science, as complete and as long, and required to be followed as steadily, as is the training for matriculation at the University of London going on in other school-rooms. Now the same energetic teacher has been training her children for some years, from the kindergarten onwards, to use both hands, and those who have passed through that training in their earliest school years can draw as well with the left hand as with the right, and execute most intricate designs with both hands at once. Miss James declares that the brain is obviously stimulated by the equal use of both hands, and that the ambidextrous children are brighter

[Continued on Page 302.]

TOILET SECRETS.

WHEN Beauty speaks, the world listens with an attentive ear, especially when Beauty speaks of Beauty and the methods by which it may be obtained. The Beauty's lightest word takes on the authority of law, for every woman naturally desires to enhance whatever charms she possesses, and even men are not backward in that regard, for a proper self-respect makes men and women agree in their desire to appear at all times to the best advantage.

Men and women alike agree in endorsing the scientific claim for Odol that it is the best preparation for the teeth and mouth which has ever been produced. It keeps the teeth white and bright if they are already so; it makes them white if they happen to be discoloured. It prevents decay. It refreshes the mouth. Its fragrance is delightful, so that the most refined and fastidious women delight in its flavour. It sweetens the breath, and for that reason all men who smoke declare it to be not only invaluable but a first necessity of life.

(1) That by means of the invention of Odol the long-sought-for ideal to preserve one's teeth in sound condition has been attained.

(2) That on account of the delightful taste and delicious flavour of Odol the daily care of the teeth has been made a sublime comfort.

Below we present portraits of some of these celebrities who are devoted votaries of Odol, each of whom has in her own particular

and distinctive manner testified to the advantages derived from the power of Odol to keep the teeth clean and white and bright, as well as to revivify the mouth, and to add a delicate fragrance to the breath.



Miss Daisy Thimm writes:—"I am pleased to tell you how very much I enjoy the use of Odol and appreciate the benefit therefrom."

Photo.

Biograph Studio

Miss Evie Greene writes:—"I am delighted with Odol, and find it most pleasant and refreshing."



Miss Billie Burke writes:—"I have been using Odol for years, and don't think I could possibly do without it at the theatre or at home."

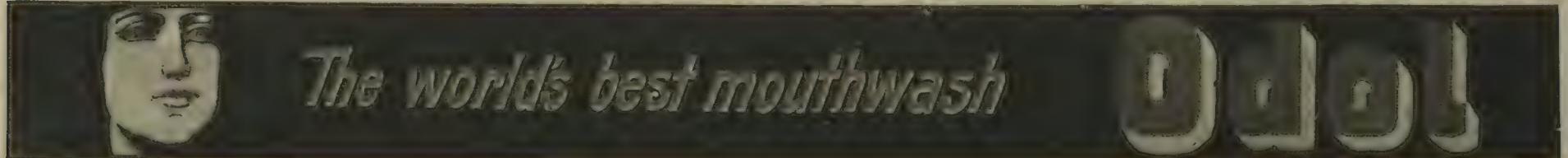
TO USE ODOL

pour a few drops into a tumblerful of water until it becomes opaque. The mixture may be made either weaker or stronger to suit the taste. This diluted emulsion is strong enough for all purposes, and the undiluted Odol should never on any account be applied to the mouth and teeth, as it is by far too strong and will make the mouth smart. Rinse the mouth thoroughly. Clean the teeth in the ordinary way with a tooth-brush dipped in the solution of Odol, then take a mouthful and retain it for about a minute, so that the Odol may be absorbed by the teeth and the mucous membrane of the mouth, the whole process being concluded by gargling with the mixture. This should be repeated every night and morning, also, if possible, after dinner, but most particularly before retiring to rest.



Miss Lily Elsie writes:—"I have used Odol for some time, and should feel quite lost without it, it is so refreshing, and I can most highly recommend it."

The taste of Odol is most delicious and refreshing. Odol is supplied to the public in two distinct flavours—"Sweet Rose," delightfully mild, and in special favour with ladies, and "Standard Flavour," preferred by some on account of its more expressed taste and refreshing and invigorating effect.



The PURITY of *Sunlight Soap* curtails the washing.

The PURITY of *Sunlight Soap* saves your Health and Strength.

The PURITY of *Sunlight Soap* makes the linen sweet, pure and white.

The PURITY of *Sunlight Soap* dispenses with rubbing and scrubbing.

The PURITY of

Sunlight Soap

costs you nothing; — It is no dearer than common soap.

The PURITY of

Sunlight Soap

is guaranteed, and we offer £1,000 reward for any adulterant found in its composition.

It curtails the washing.



Curtails the Washing.

and more interested in all their lessons than others, because both halves of the brain are equally developed. At all events, it is obvious that it must be a great convenience to use both hands equally well, and it is really absurd of us to teach infants, as we do, to make the right hand the industrious one and the left hand the lazy one; and nursery custom about this matter certainly might wisely be modified.

Writing of a woman as an educator reminds one that on Saturday last took place the very first election in the Metropolis of a body to control the education of girls and the work of women teachers with no women eligible for election! It was, to those of us who think of such things, a most painful occasion. There are to be a few women placed by nomination on the Education Committee, of course, but only a few; and the position that they will hold is far less important and influential than that of a member directly elected by the public to take charge of educational matters. Moreover, the women selected for co-option will hardly be, except by chance, of the same force of character and brain-power as those elected. It is a source of some satisfaction that this set-back in the public life of women is admittedly and entirely undeserved: the women members of School Boards have been turned out with profuse and (under the circumstances) irritating expressions of appreciation for their past services. They have proved for all time that it is perfectly possible for ladies to stand a contested election, with its committee meetings, its public addresses, its replies to questions and answers to opposition, and to remain as quiet, ladylike, and gracious women as before; that men and women can work together on public bodies with perfect ease and propriety; and that women in public life are not great talkers, but, on the other hand, are able to make important and useful contributions to the consideration of public affairs. The magnificent and complex education-organisation by which London's hundreds of thousands of children have been provided with schools has been brought into play smoothly, completely, and without a taint of corruption, not by men alone, but by the combined action of men and women.

Millinery is the first to appear of the season's changes in the business of dressing. A suitable thing in headgear is wisely sought after by all women of good taste in costume, as it makes or mars the whole effect. At present, many and various shapes are in vogue, so that it is one's own fault if one does not obtain a becoming and suitable spring hat. The turban or pill-box shape is becoming to rather long and oval faces; it is dainty enough in a folded tulle or chiffon of a light tone, trimmed on the wide round brim with one or more oval wreaths of flowers or with a row of lace, and finished, perhaps, at the exact back with a bow of supple ribbon from which ends hang down to the shoulders. Melon shapes, again, coming far over the brow and sitting down to the



AN OPERA-CLOAK OF LIGHT CLOTH.

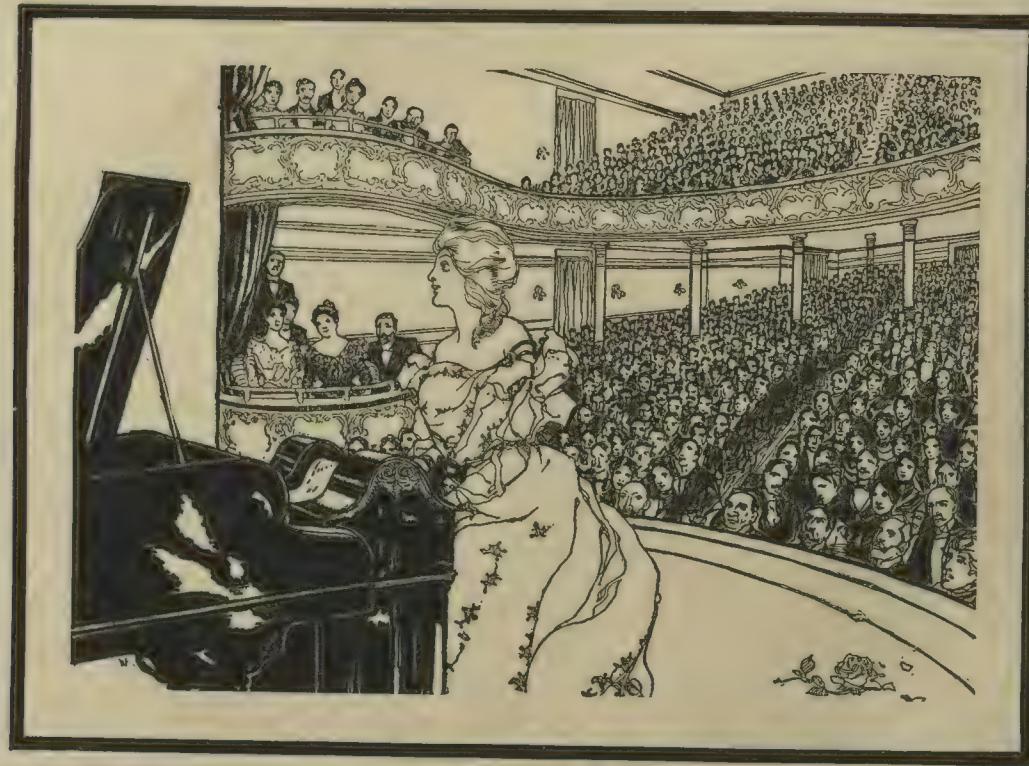
coil of hair behind, are frequently becoming. These are very often made in chiffon; but for early spring, while the cold winds are blowing, it may be as well to choose a soft pleated taffetas, which is as light almost as chiffon and more substantial. It is laid in pleats over the shapes, and often two shades are used alternating, or a shot or shaded taffetas is employed with excellent effect. A smart model was in leaf and emerald greens; the shape, originally a "pancake," had the back turned over, so that its point rested on the front brim, and a couple of ostrich plumes shading in tint from dark green to white at the tips, the one laid to the right and the other to the left, filled in the space made by this curve above the crown.

And now, of course, comes in the reign of the straw chapeau, and here it is in great variety ready for our choice. Two shades of straw plait interwoven is a device much used, and when the weave is an open and pretty design, and the colours are mixed harmoniously—such as blue and green, or rose-pink and dark red, or cherry-red and leaf-green, all of which combinations I have just seen displayed—the shape is in its own nature so decorative that a very little trimming suffices. The melon shape is also shown somewhat accentuated at the point and rolled a trifle more round at the sides, and dubbed "torpedo": under whatsoever name, it is *chic* in a nice chip or crinoline in black, white, or a bright colour, trimmed with a bow of satin ribbon on the crown and a double row of flowers as *cachepigne*. Rounds of straw sewn together overlapping formed the shape in another "torpedo"-hat, the colour being rose-pink, and a pale pink feather and twist of chiffon afforded sufficient trimming. A coarse straw turban in a heliotrope tone, trimmed with green ribbon and shaded quills of the two colours, may be mentioned as a sample of the useful variety. Big black hats are again to be very fashionable, and both look well and are of airy lightness in crinoline trimmed with tulle and ostrich feathers.

One of our Illustrations shows a simple tea-gown in light chiffon and lace. The second sketch is an opera-cloak in light cloth with a deep lace collar edged with fringe.

A smart hat above an ill-kept face is as foolish and profitless as an ugly hand drawn attention to by a great show of rings. One of the most important points in regard to the face is a good set of teeth. To secure a well-kept appearance in this respect Odol is to be recommended. It is a powerful antiseptic, yet harmless. Odol is able to clean the places in the teeth which the toothbrush cannot reach, because the Odol is a liquid, and when the solution of it in water is taken into the mouth there is no part which it does not affect. As any portion of the teeth is liable to be attacked by decay, this capacity of Odol of reaching all parts is most important.

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TIME AND TIDE ON OLD LANDMARKS.

The ravages of time and tide have lately been curiously exemplified in Norfolk and in Essex, and in both cases ecclesiastical property has been threatened. In the one case, the sea threatens to swallow up a famous spot celebrated in verse and known to all visitors to "Poppyland." In the other instance time has completed the ruin of an extremely interesting old church not far from London. That charming corner of Norfolk which inspired Mr. Clement Scott to his song "The Garden of Sleep" is likely to vanish before the encroachments of the North Sea. Already the waves have come so near both tower and churchyard that both will shortly subside. The old church of Chingford, on the borders of Epping Forest, has long been an object of interest in the neighbourhood as a picturesque ivy-clad ruin. Time has lately dealt hardly with it, and although



A POETIC LOCALITY THREATENED BY THE SEA: THE GARDEN OF SLEEP, OVERSTRAND, CROMER.

it was restored in 1860, the roof has now given way, after enduring, it is said, for eight hundred years. The modern church stands in the centre of the village, and was erected in 1844.

The Royal Victoria Hotel at St. Leonards-on-Sea was formerly known as the St. Leonards Hotel, at the foundation of which the late Queen and the Duchess of Kent were present. The hotel has lately been completely remodelled, and is now able to supply the wants of the most fastidious guest. It faces the sea, is entirely detached from all other buildings, and has light and air on all sides. To invalids the hotel offers special attractions, for the lift, which can be reached from the roadway without steps, conveys a bath-chair and attendant to the bed-rooms on any floor. The public rooms and bed-rooms are luxuriously furnished, the electric lighting and sanitary arrangements most complete and convenient. The cuisine is excellent.



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- GC 3—2018. Father O'Flynn (arr. by C. V. Stanford).
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ART NOTES.

Mr. Wilfrid Ball's water-colours at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in Bond Street represent handiwork of his in Surrey and Sussex, Hants and Wilts. The Londoner has a natural craving at this season for the sun—or if not for direct sunlight, at least for effects of shadow and of reflection, which show that the sun is close at hand; and this perhaps gives the critic his preferences for the brighter drawings on these walls. "Surrey Cottages," "A Sea Creek," and "High Water, Bosham," take the eye with the various kinds of beauty in the lighting of them. The artist roves through the months as well as through the counties: here we have haytime; there an autumn tint. Where Mr. Ball contrives an effect of freshness he is at his best. From few landscape-painters in any one generation can we demand "the glory and the dream"; but of the rest we may at least require that they should not, as they commonly do, fall far short of the light that ever was on land and sea.

The Goupil Gallery is filled with pictures of that class which the traditions of the management have taught us to expect. Not traditional, however, is one name in the present catalogue. Mr. J. C. W. Cossaar has, we believe, never before exhibited in London; but now he introduces himself with a fine rendering of those vague and beautiful lights that linger in St. Paul's Cathedral. Full of gentle colour and the realisation of the fine intervals of space is this water-colour drawing of his. Its beauty may also be said to serve a double purpose. No one, not even Sir William Richmond himself, could look at this drawing and yet be convinced that it is lawful to stencil, gild, and rule with hard lines the grey stone of Wren's beloved masterpiece.

Of English pictures at Goupil's there are few, but Mr. Clausen's "The Dark Barn" worthily stands for what is most charming in the landscape art of England. The poetry—by which we mean, perhaps, something slightly mysterious—of light fills this admirable canvas; it is, in fact, only with this poetry or this mysteriousness



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The King presented the cups.

that Mr. Clausen has concerned himself. No completely direct facts are here given us. They are all recorded through the doubtful light of the dark barn. Even the patch of strong sunlight is blurred—blurred because of its dazzling obliterations. Mr. Clausen's real trump is

that his poetry is all true, and that even his mystery has been observed.

A more mechanical mystery, cultivated with unerring regularity, is that of M. Le Sidaner. His reality is rather the reality of the photograph—the modern "artistic" photograph that is intentionally ill-focussed. M. Le Sidaner is an artist, however, and thus the suggestion of a likeness to the camera in his work is but momentary. He is an artist; and, as such, he makes the long, difficult, and most interesting inquiry into the relation of tone, of colour, light, and plane. The limited camera receives its impression in a moment; the artist, be he impressionist or not, spends his life in learning to see. Mr. Swan contributes an elaborate piece of painting, which he calls "Fortune and the Boy." Its elaboration strikes us as unfortunate, but does not deprive it of certain beauties. For cleverness, a cleverness that delights in its completeness, M. Besnard is supreme in this interesting collection.

At the Carfax Gallery, Ryder Street, is an interesting exhibition of water-colours and pastels of the Engadine by Adolph Birkenruth. The drawings are rather unequal; but the best give an admirable impression of the colouring of a snow-country not entirely under snow—the peculiar blackness. It seems as though even little edges and ruts of snow left after a thaw had some influence on the eye by which it sees all else in a dark tone, especially in mountains where the air is clear and the shadows are deep. That dark tone is not only characteristic, but very beautiful, and it is pleasant to have it recalled, when we are far from snow or mountains, by so fine a drawing as "Melting Snows."

At the Baillie Gallery in Bayswater are to be seen a collection of the landscapes of Miss Beatrice E. Bland, an artist who has Constable among her patterns, and who succeeds in her effects of open air. "The Hill-Top" and "The Mill" are sure of their admirers; and she combines brilliant effect of distance with foregrounds of sobriety in a manner which is to be learned only in the school of the great masters. W. M.

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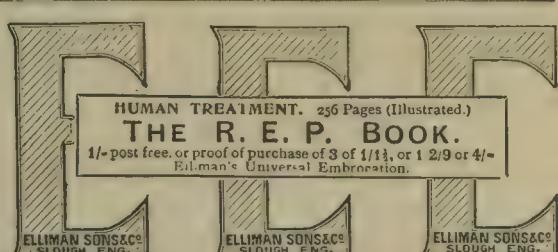
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Copley, the executors, the value of the estate being £95,903. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Rotherham Hospital, the Jessop Hospital for Women (Sheffield), the Devonshire Hospital (Buxton), the Scarborough Hospital, and the Sheffield Infirmary; and very many legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for Philip Craven Chimes, for life, and then for his wife and children.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1901), with a codicil (dated Feb. 22, 1902), of Mr. Charles Pearce-Serocold, of Taplow Hill, Bucks, who died on Jan. 8, was proved on March 1 by Oswald Pearce-Serocold and Claud Pearce-Serocold, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £94,711. The testator gives £7500 stock of Watney, Combe, Reid, and Co., and £2000 to his son Charles; £5000 brewery stock and £500 to his son Eric; £7500 stock to his son Claud; £2500 stock and £1000 each to his daughters Marie Margaret, Ruth, and Caroline Dorothy; £1500 stock, in trust, for his daughter Mrs. Lucy Galton; £100 each to his executors; the furniture and household effects and the income for life from £30,000 to his wife; and £100 each to his brother George and his

sister-in-law Amelie. The residue of his property he leaves to his ten children.

The will (dated Sept. 7, 1897), with a codicil (of March 5, 1900), of Canon Sidney Lidderdale Smith, of the Cathedral Close, Hereford, and Brampton Ash Rectory, Northampton, who died on Oct. 6, has been proved by the Hon. Frances Mary Smith, the widow, Harold Yorke Lidderdale Smith, and the Rev. Sidney Scarlett Smith, the sons; the value of the estate being £87,104. He gave £50 per annum each to his children, Louise Henriette, Robert Astley, and Sidney Scarlett, during the life of their mother; and £500 and the household effects, and the income from the residue of his property, to his wife. Subject thereto, he left £5000 to his son Harold Yorke, and the ultimate residue, as his wife should appoint, to his six children.

The will (dated July 25, 1895), with two codicils (dated June 8, 1900, and Jan. 16, 1901), of Sir Edward Ripley, Bart., of Bedstone Court, Salop, who died on Nov. 21, was proved on Feb. 26 by Sir Henry William Alfred Ripley, Bart., the son, the value of the estate being £79,413. The testator gives the Great Hagley estate, £500, and the household furniture, etc., to his wife, Dame Eugenie Ripley; and legacies to servants.

The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife while she remains his widow, or of one half thereof should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children, except such son as shall succeed to the Bedstone Court settled estate.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1895) of Mr. James Banks Stanhope, of Revesley Abbey, Lincoln, formerly M.P. for North Lincolnshire, who died on Jan. 18, was proved on Feb. 20 by Earl Stanhope and Sir John Henry Thorold, Bart., the executors, the value of the estate being £78,101. The testator gives £1000 each to the Hon. Katherine Lucy Stanhope and Lady Mary Lygon; £1300 to Earl Stanhope; £500 to Evelyn Henrietta, Countess Stanhope; £300 each to Sir John Henry Thorold, the Hon. Mabel Emily Murray, and the Hon. Horatia Elizabeth Erskine; and £5000 in part payment of a legacy that will become payable on his decease. All his freehold and leasehold property, and his shares in the Horn castle Railway, Waterworks, and Corn Exchange Companies, he leaves upon like trusts as those of other property in Lincolnshire, passing under the will of the late Edward Stanhope, M.P. The residue of his property he leaves to Earl Stanhope.



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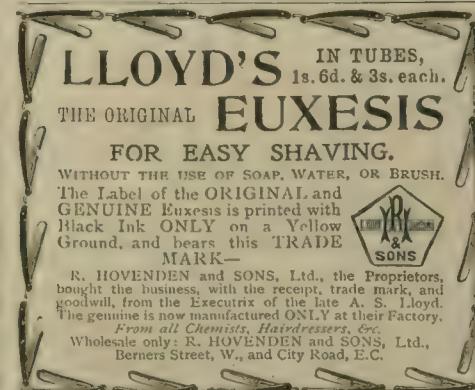
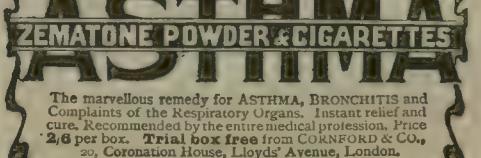
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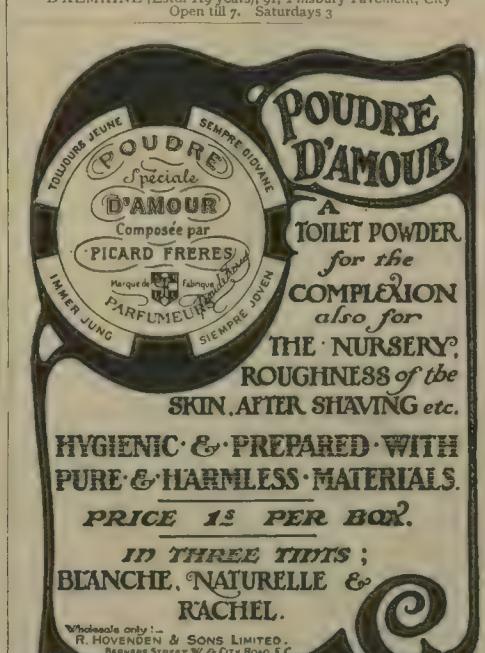
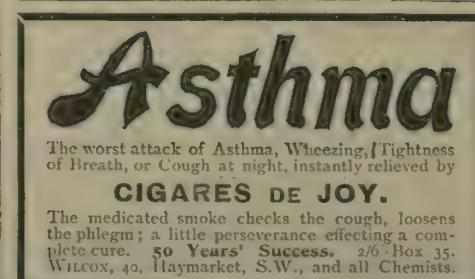
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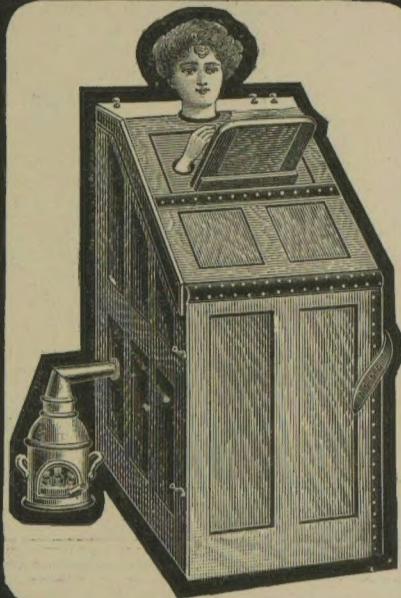
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It eliminates the poisonous matters from the system, increases the flow of blood—the life-current—freed from its impurities, clears the skin, recuperates and revitalises the body, quiets the nerves, rests the tired, and creates that delightful feeling of invigorated health and strength.

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33

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BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS

Of Guaranteed Accuracy

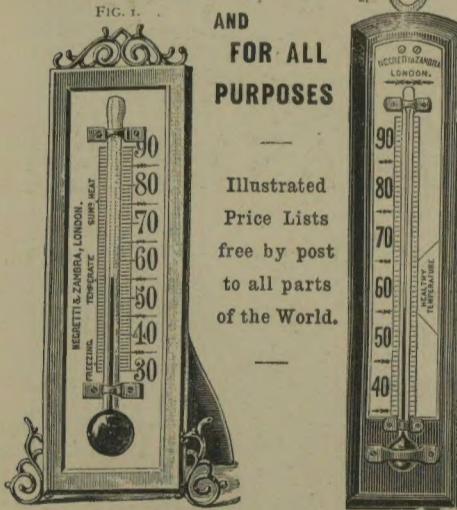
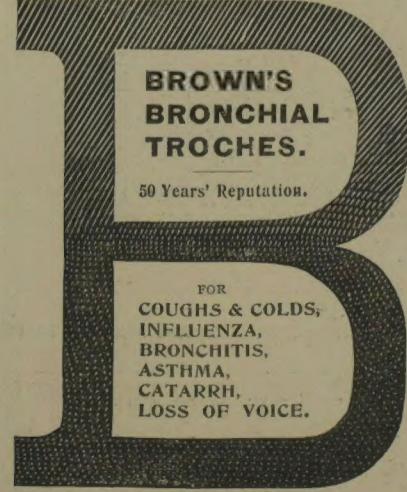


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Depends upon the quantity and quality of the Blood.

When the tissues have been at work, there are thrown into the Blood waste products, and if these be not eliminated, but (through any cause) detained in the blood, they influence nutrition and function, and finally produce organic disease.

Such disease will appear in the form of ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, UGLY BLOTHES and PIMPLES, or other kinds of SORES, also RHEUMATISM and GOUT. For forty years a Safe and Permanent Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases has been found in

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THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising.

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ACUTE RHEUMATISM.

SUFFERERS SHOULD READ THIS.

Mr. E. COWELL, of 19, St. John's Quay, Dublin, writes:

"Gentlemen.—Having suffered for a number of years from acute Rheumatism and tried so-called remedies out of number, including electric and massage treatment, without the slightest relief, I had nearly given up hope of being cured, and had practically made up my mind that my case was hopeless, when I was advised by a friend to try Clarke's Blood Mixture. I did so, believing at the time that it would be only one more of the many failures I had experienced, but I am proud to be able to testify 'unsolicited' to its wonderful effects. I experienced pronounced relief after the first bottle, and am now, after using four bottles, in perfect health, free from all pain. I will certainly recommend your medicine to anyone I know. I need hardly state that, owing to the nature of my employment, I meet many suffering as I did."

30/10/03.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle.

Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and beware of Worthless Imitations and Substitutes.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The centenary of the Bible Society has been celebrated this week amidst demonstrations of universal sympathy. An overwhelming number of applications were received for the service at St. Paul's Cathedral, and next to it the most remarkable event was the great Albert Hall gathering on Monday night. The friends of the society are hoping that the public interest aroused in this event will result in a large and permanent increase of income.

The Marquis of Northampton has been taking a lively interest in the Bible Society's centenary, and was one of the principal speakers at the recent very successful breakfast held in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Marquis travelled by his motor to Cambridge, as he said that he dared not trust himself to the train, since he knew the importance of the occasion.

The Bishop of London is arranging to visit Belgium and Germany during the Easter recess. He will preach in many Anglican churches in these countries. Appointments have been made for him in Brussels, Berlin, Leipzig, and Dresden. Londoners, who have opportunities of seeing the constant round of toil in which the Bishop lives while at home, must wish that he could arrange for himself less arduous and exhausting holidays. With the exception of his two months'

vacation in the autumn, he is scarcely out of the pulpit on a single Sunday in the year.

The Rev. J. P. Maud, Vicar of Chapel Allerton, Leeds, has accepted the living of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, in succession to the present Bishop of Brechin. Mr. Maud has been fourteen years in Leeds, and has shown himself a man of strong personality and charming disposition. He is one of the most popular clergymen in Leeds, and his removal to the West of England is much regretted by Churchmen of all parties in the city.

I am glad to learn that the Bishop of Southwell has fully recovered from his recent illness. At a meeting held at Nottingham he said that an accident from which he suffered last summer and a subsequent illness made him doubtful of his ability to do the work of the diocese; but there is now no cause for disquietude, as he is quite well.

The position of the Anglican Mission of Korea has been attracting a good deal of attention. The Rev. M. N. Trollope, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Poplar, who knows the country well, thinks that neither workers nor converts will be in any personal danger, even though fighting should take place on the soil of Korea. He remarks that between 1890 and 1900 the blood-curdling paragraphs which appeared in English newspapers with regard to the terrible risks which the missionaries were

supposed to be running were a standing joke to the residents in the country.

Sunday, May 8, is to be observed as the thirteenth centenary of the foundation of the See of London. Bishop Winnington-Ingram has arranged to preach a special sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral.

According to Canon Burnside's "Official Almanac" of the Church of England, the voluntary offerings of Church people for the year ending Easter 1903 amounted to £8,107,836. Great pains have been taken to collect the figures, which are the result of a detailed examination of the returns of parochial incumbents and also of the authorised statements of income communicated by various societies. The grand total shows a falling-off of about £109,000 from that of last year, but it cannot be forgotten that the centenary fund of the Bible Society and the regular contributions of Church people to the Religious Tract Society and the London City Mission would considerably swell the amount. V.

A recent journey in Morocco was the subject of an interesting lecture delivered on March 6 at the South Place Institute by Mr. S. L. Bensusan, the well-known writer and traveller. The lecture was illustrated by excellent limelight views.

The Japanese stamps in our last number were supplied by Messrs. Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., of 391, Strand.

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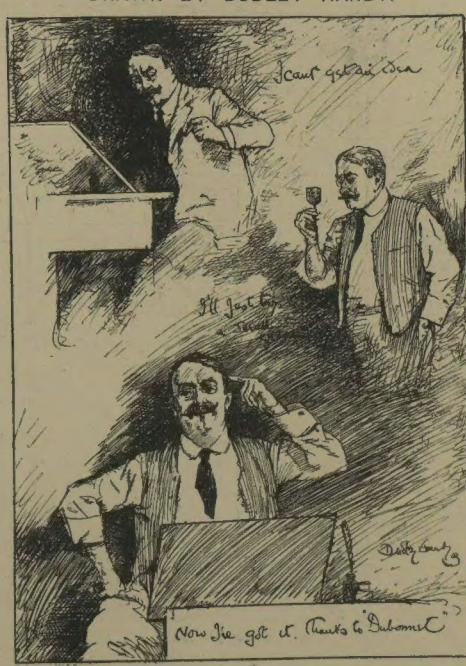
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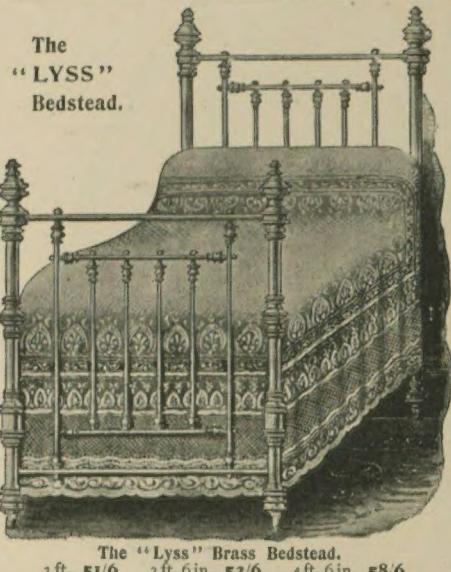
March 18

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3 ft., 51/6 3 ft. 6 in., 53/6 4 ft. 6 in., 58/6

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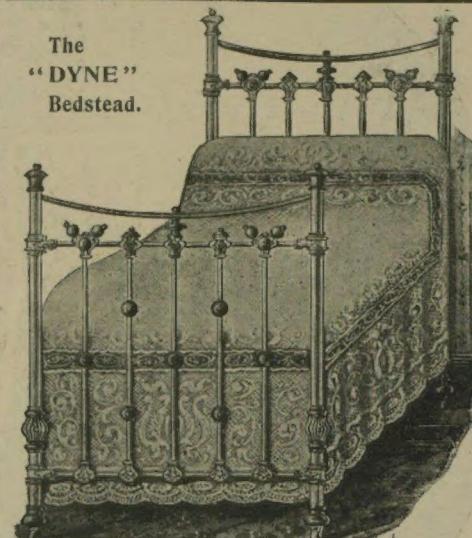
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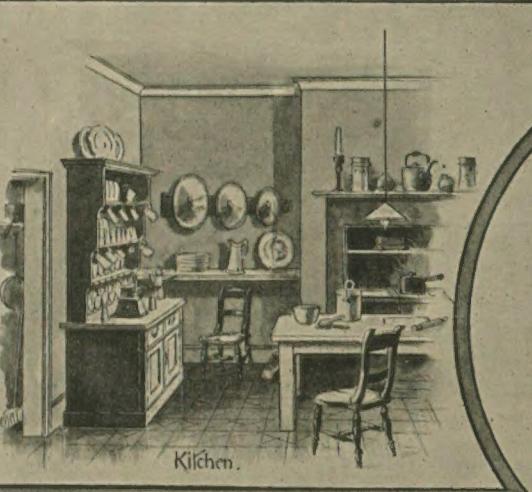
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in which are exhibited
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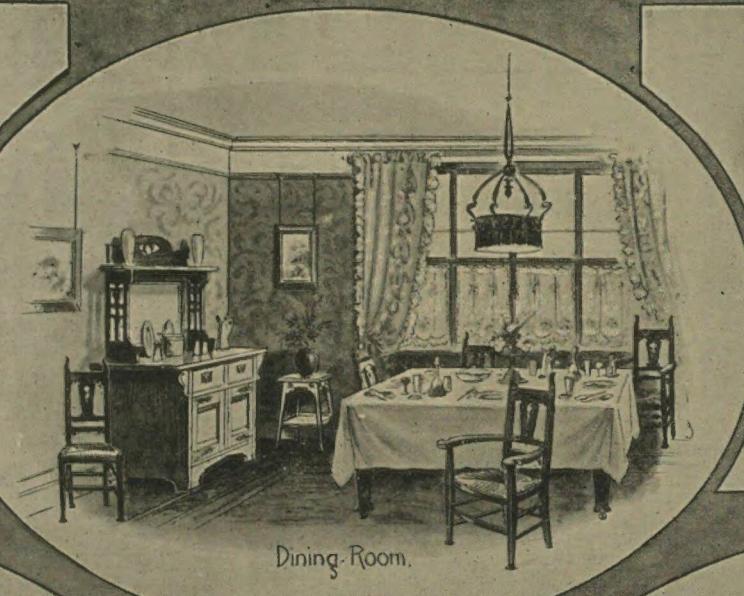
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GRAND CENTRAL AVENUE**500 feet long**The "Dyne" Bedstead, Sweep Front, in White and Brass.
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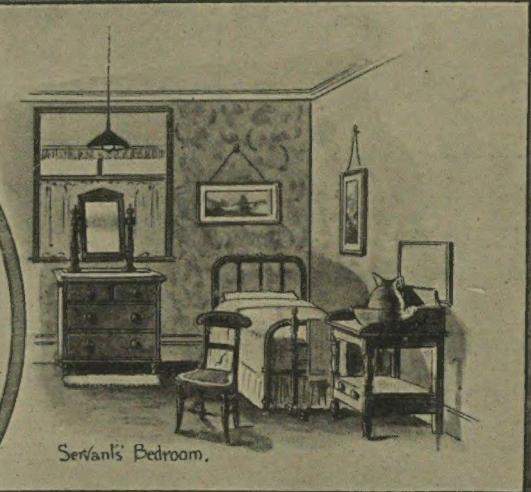
FLATS and THEIR FURNISHING



Kitchen.



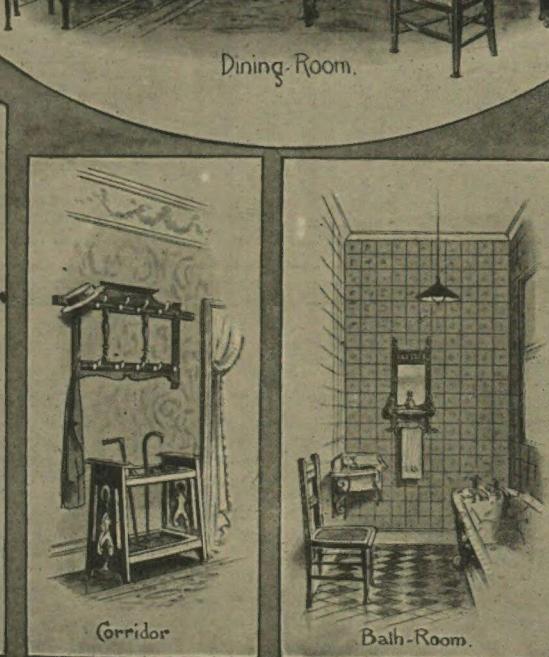
Dining-Room.



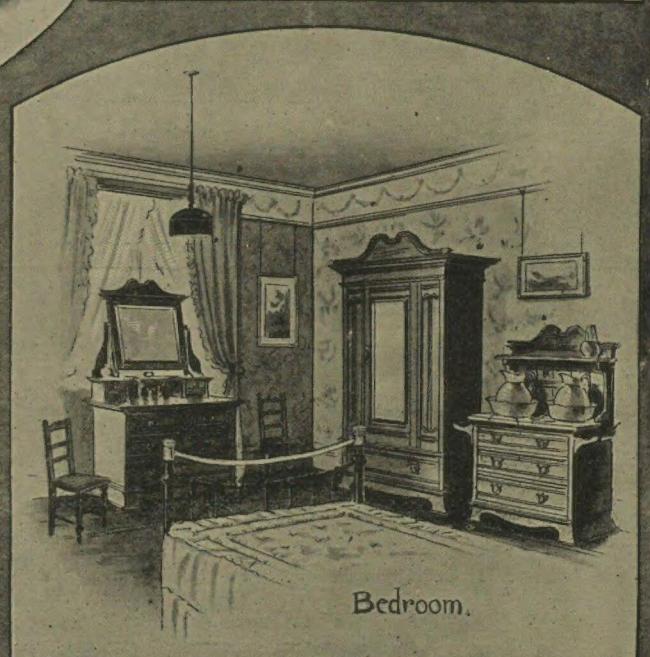
Servant's Bedroom.



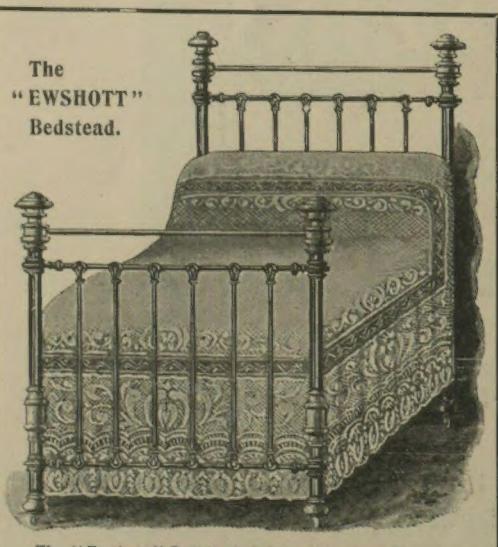
Drawing-Room.



Corridor



Bedroom.



The "EWSHOTT" Bedstead.

The "Ewshott" Bedstead, Black with Brass Mounts
and Top Rail.
3 ft., 34/6 3 ft. 6 in., 35/3 4 ft. 6 in., 36/6

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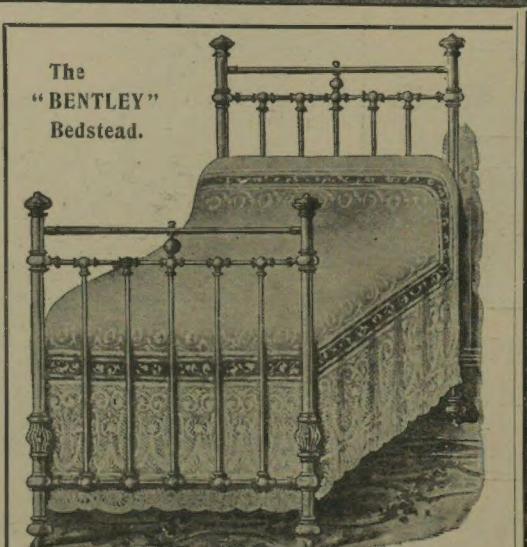
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